FEBRUARY 15, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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WINTER OLYMPICS PREVIEW

SPEED SKATER VORONIN

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1. Also: Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc.

STEREO RECORDS for every musical taste!

5. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steppes of Central Asia, etc.

6. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.

17. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more

34. "... the music is all extraordinary" —Boston Daily Record

33. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

10. A brilliant new performance of this popular concerto

13. But Not for Me, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Man I Love, 9 more

2. 1001 hi-fi delights. "...top-notch sound" — Billboard

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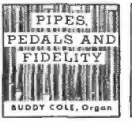

56. Serenade in Blue, Willow Weep for Me, 9 others

3. Stella by Starlight, Pacific Sunset, Yesterdays, 9 others

25. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras

40. I Miss You So, Speak Low, Time After Time, 9 more

36. A musical landscape . . . "spacious, noble" —High Fidelity

26. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

47. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more

49. One of the most melodically beautiful of all symphonies

30. Alexander's Ragtime Band, Cheek to Cheek, Always, etc.

19. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

12. Londonderry Air, Shenandoah, 11 more folksong favorites

22. "Enormous talent and technique" — Chicago News

4. Wild Man Blues, Fine and Mellow, I Left My Baby, 5 more

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14. "No symphony like it . . . incomparable" — Olin Downes

7. One Kiss, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 9 more

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P-8C

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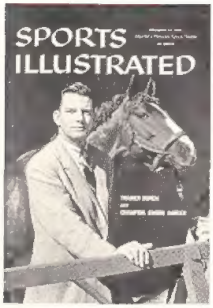
Cover: Gennady Voronin ▶

Crack speed skaters like Voronin will help Russia's Olympic powerhouse to dominate the Winter Games at Squaw Valley. For a preview of all the events, turn to page 14.

Photograph by Joern Gerdts

Next week



▶ Sword Dancer, the champion of 1959, moves into 1960 against an improved handicap division. A portrait of the horse and his articulate young trainer, Elliott Burch.

▶ A report on professional basketball's hot pennant race between Boston and Philadelphia, and the personal duel between giant Wilt Chamberlain and big Bill Russell.

▶ The shout, "Shark!" can empty a beach these days—and with good reason. In a 10-page report, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED culls fact from fancy and displays the real killers.

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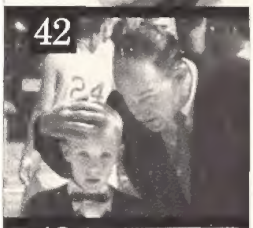

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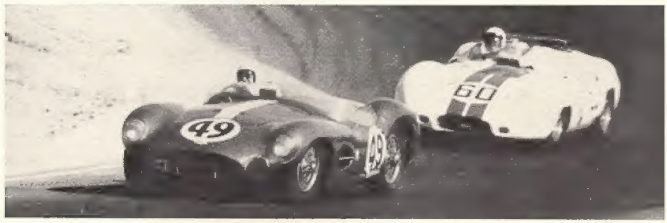
MEMO *from the publisher*



IN CLOSE COMPETITION: CONSTANTINE AND HANSGEN

DURING 1959 no competition was closer than that of U.S. Sports Car Drivers George Constantine and Walt Hansgen. This week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED made its fifth annual U.S. Sports Car Driver of the Year award. It went to both men. Hansgen and Constantine had competed so equally that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED editors could not separate them for the title.

The editors worked with these facts in evaluating the fender-to-fender struggle: Hansgen won the Sports Car Club of America Big Car Championship when Constantine's left rear tire threw a tread at Daytona in December; Constantine countered by winning the Nassau Cup against the best international opposition, including World Champion Jack Brabham and Stirling Moss; Hansgen and Constantine won outright virtually every major U.S. amateur sports car race; in total SCCA points Hansgen had 68, Constantine 64.

For several years Constantine drove his own cars on skill and red ink, trying to prove himself in racing's big time. Last year Investment Banker Elisha Walker gave Constantine his big chance by providing him with a 4.2 Aston Martin and ex-Factory Mechanic Rex Woodgate to keep it running. Thus came about the first real U.S. competition that the smooth, Jaguar-powered team of Briggs Cunningham, Hansgen and Alfred Momo had faced in three years of dominance.

Hansgen now becomes the only repeater among SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sports Car Drivers of the Year; he won in 1957. Constantine joins the other three winners: Paul O'Shea (1955), Carroll Shelby (1956) and Phil Hill (1958).

No U.S. driver was listed in the world ranking of sports car drivers when SPORTS ILLUSTRATED initiated this award in 1955. This year four Americans are in the select list of the world's top 15—one of several road signs pointing toward a banner motor racing year in 1960. Others are a new high in scheduled championship amateur sports car races—17; in professional races—10; and, of course, the prospect of continued competition between the two Drivers of the Year, whose rivalry is hot (SI, Nov. 16), though not yet overheated.

Clifton Murphy

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOBSLEDDING—Italy's **Eugenio Monti** confounded experts at world bobsled championships at Cortina, Italy, by steering Italy's four-man team to .2-second victory over favored German and U.S. teams with aggregate time of 5:04.75 for four heats. Monti, who with his partner and brakeman, Renzo Alvera, has four times won the two-man world championships, said before race of the two extra teammates who rode sandwiched between him and Alvera: "All I ask of them is that they sit still. They can even close their eyes if they want."

BOXING—In nontelevised double-header championship matches, which drew 31,830 fans, for a $363,890 gate at Los Angeles Coliseum, Bantam Champ **Jose Becerra** of Mexico knocked out France's Alphonse Halimi, and Junior Welter Champ **Carlos Ortiz** of New York defeated Mexico's Raymundo Torres, also by knockout (*see page 48*). In Philadelphia Arena bout (which drew surprising SRO crowd) 20-year-old Philadelphia Lightweight Len Matthews made short work of fifth-ranked **Johnny Busso**, first knocked him through the ropes for mandatory eight count, then ended it all in first round with a sharp left hook.

Back home in Sweden after weeks of sparring with various promoters, **Edwin Ahlquist**, Ingemar Johansson's adviser, spoke optimistically of plans for a rematch with Floyd Patterson this June in the Polo Grounds. Adding to the optimism was N.Y. court consent decree, which voided Irving B. Kahn's TelePrompTer Corp.'s contracts with Floyd Patterson Enterprises Ltd. and Rosensohn Enterprises Inc. Said N.Y. Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz: "It will now be possible for any persons interested in the promotion of the fight or in the ancillary rights to deal openly with the principals."

HORSE RACING—Making his 1960 debut, Brookmeade Stable's **Sword Dancer**, 1959 Horse of the Year, was the dismay of Hialeah bettors who backed him at 1 to 4. He finished fourth in the seven furlongs, 3¾ lengths behind winner Petare. Philosophized Trainer Elliott Burch: "Well, this makes the Widener [Hialeah's $100,000 feature race February 20] that much more interesting."

HOCKEY—What would have been biggest hockey trade of this year—Detroit Red Wing star **Red Kelly** to the last-place New York Rangers—astonishingly fell flat when Kelly and teammate Bill McNeill (included in trade to New York for Rangers' Eddie Shack and Bill Gadsby) refused to be swapped. Both men want to stay in Detroit. Kelly has business interests in the city, and his wife is a skating instructor there. Clarence Campbell, NHL president, warned them they would be placed on voluntary-retired list and not allowed to play professional hockey for a year. Said 32-year-old Kelly: "I'm hurt that the Red Wings would trade me after 12 seasons. But a fellow has to quit some time, and now looks like a good time for me."

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL—*CAGUAS, Puerto Rican winter championship, with 6–3 victory over San Juan, San Juan, P.R.*

BASKETBALL—*BOSTON, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings; ST. LOUIS, leader in Western Division.*

BOATING—*TIGRESS, owned and skippered by James Rider, Chesapeake Sailing Club, 184-mile Miami-Nassau ocean race.*
ROBIN, owned and skippered by Ted Hood, Marblehead, Mass., 30-mile Nassau Cup race, with corrected time of 3:57:16, Nassau.

BOXING—*WILF GREAVES, 10-round decision over Tiger Jones, middleweights, Chicago.*
RORY CALHOUN, 10-round decision over Billy Ryan, light heavyweights, Madison Square Garden.

DOG SHOW—*Ch. PINETOP'S FANCY PARADE, cocker spaniel, owned by William J. Leffson Jr. and Mrs. Rose Robbins, best-in-show, Maryland JKC, Baltimore.*

FIELD TRIALS—*HOME AGAIN HATTIE, white-and-liver pointer, owned by Virgil E. Johnson, Zanesville, Ohio, national free-for-all champion, Canton, Miss.*

GOLF—*ARNOLD PALMER, Latrobe, Pa. $100,000 Palm Springs Desert Classic, Palm Springs, with 338 for 90 holes.*

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL first, TORONTO second, DETROIT third in NHL standings. Last week's scores: Toronto 4, New York 2; New York 3, Detroit 1; Chicago 7, Boston 2; Montreal 4, Toronto 2; Chicago 5, New York 1; Montreal 5, Boston 3; Toronto 6, Detroit 4; New York 4, Montreal 1; Detroit 5, Chicago 0; Boston 3, Toronto 0.*

HORSE RACING—*ON-AND-ON: $64,100 McLennan Handicap, 1⅛ m. in 1:48⅘, by a neck over Bald Eagle, Hialeah. Steve Brooks up.*
SILVER SPOON: $57,900 Santa Margarita Handicap, 1⅛ m. in 1:48⅘, by 1¾ lengths over Indian Maid, Santa Anita. Eddie Arcaro up.
BALLY ACHE: $26,000 Bahamas, T.f. in 1:23 2/5, by 1½ lengths over Moslem Chief, Hialeah. Bobby Ussery up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*MARVIN PANCH, Daytona Beach, 50-mile compact car race, averaging 122.3 mph in Chrysler Valiant, and 38-mile compact car race, averaging 88.1 mph, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

SOCCER—*NICE, 3–2 upset over Real Madrid, European Cup match, after trailing 2–0 at the half, Nice, France.*

SWIMMING—*JOHN DEVITT, JOHN KONRADS, GEOFF SHIPTON, WARWICK WERSTER, all of Australia, broke world record for 440-yard freestyle relay, with time of 3:46.8, that same foursome set last year, Sydney.*
BILL EDWARDS, Lakewood, Ohio, national interscholastic record for 100-yard breaststroke in 20-yard pool, with time of 1:05.7, Cleveland.
YALE 70, Navy 25, for its 188th straight dual meet victory, New Haven, Conn.
INDIANA 72, Michigan State 33, Bloomington, Ind.

TENNIS—*ROD LAVER, 5–7, 3–6, 6–3, 8–6, 8–6 upset over Neale Fraser for Australian National title, Brisbane.*

TRACK & FIELD—*HERB ELLIOTT, in tune up for summer Olympics, ran his 12th sub-four-minute mile, with time of 3:59.8 on grass track, Bendigo, Aust., set Victoria State record for 3,000 meters, with time of 8:9.5, Melbourne.*
BOB BACKUS, New York AC, hurled 35-pound weight 67 feet 1 inch for new world mark, Cambridge, Mass.

WINTER CARNIVAL—*MIDDLEBURY, Dartmouth Winter Carnival Cup, Hanover, N.H.*

MILEPOSTS: *DIED—HARRY BLANCHARD, 30, auto race driver and car dealer from Greenwich, Conn., in first lap of 1,000-kilometer Buenos Aires sports car race. Blanchard, a leading eastern U.S. driver, was killed when his Porsche brushed another car, flipped over three times and crashed into the side of the autodrome.*
DIED—MRS. DANIEL M. CASEY, 96, widow of Philadelphia Phillies pitcher who inspired Sportswriter Ernest L. Thayer's oft-recited Casey at the Bat, *in Washington. Mrs. Casey's husband, as the story goes, precipitated all that gloom in Mudville when, in game against New York in 1887, he struck out with bases loaded and two out in the ninth.*

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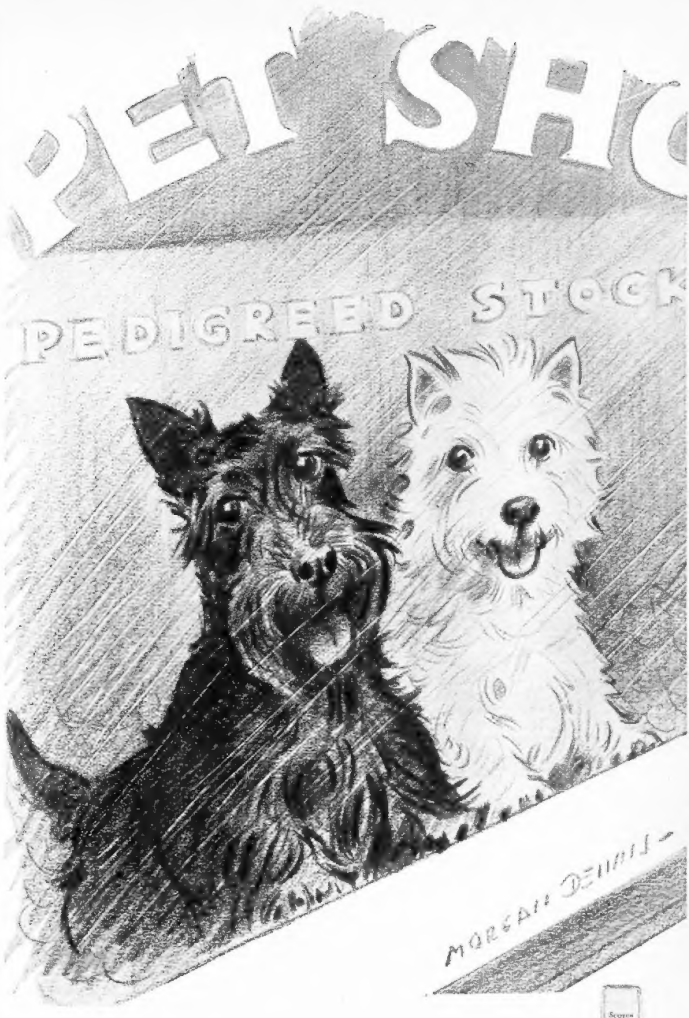
4—R. Pelatowski; 8—Central Press, A. P., Marty Nordstrom, Detroit News, Rune Hassner, Douglas J. Fulton-Ann Arbor News; 10—Dick Darcey-Washington Post; 14—map by Jack Kunz; 16—Sovfoto; 17—Jerry Cooke; 18, 19—Brian Seed; 20—Joern Gerdts (3), Jerry Cooke; 21—map by Jack Kunz; 22, 23—drawings by Burt Silverman; 24—A.P.; 25—Brian Seed, diagram by Jack Kunz; 26—Paris-Match, Brian Seed; 27—Richard Meek; 29—Lee Balterman; 30, 31—John G. Zimmerman; 39—Phil Bath, Farrell Grehan; 40, 41—Hy Peskin (2), Phil Bath; 42—Jay B. Leviton; 47—Charles Vaughn-Atlanta Journal Constitution; 54—drawings by Ajay; 61—Tom Burnside; 64—Hector Garcia; 68—Leo Choplin; 74—right, from "The Red Man," The Carlisle Indian Press; 75—Esther Bubley; 77—from "The Red Man," The Carlisle Indian Press; 88—Lynn Pelham.



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faces in the crowd . . .

MARGARET SMITH, 17, loose-limbed Australian who holds tennis racket with right hand and signs autographs with left, upset Maria Bueno, U.S. and Wimbledon champion, went on to win Australian women's title.

MARVIN LEVY, 34-year-old University of New Mexico football coach and Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Coe College, Iowa, was surprise choice to replace Pete Elliott as coach at University of California (*see page 53*).

MURIEL LUX, 20-year-old brown-eyed, water-skiing stenographer and student at St. Cloud State Teachers College, flashes gay victory smile following her election as Queen of Snows for St. Paul winter carnival.

TOM PUGH, 22, English insurance broker, whipped Charles Pearson in Detroit for Western Amateur Racquets title, teamed with fellow Briton Macdonald Bailey for National Doubles victory in Chicago.

VALENTINA STENINA, 25, Russian construction engineer and wife of this year's world speed-skating champion Boris Stenin, cut a fast figure on the ice herself, won women's world championship at Oestersund, Sweden.

JOE EARLY WYNN, 18, son of ace White Sox Pitcher Early Wynn (22-10) and backfield star for Venice, Fla. HS, added laurel of his own to family scrapbook: honorable mention on National HS All-America squad.

RON CLARK, University of Michigan junior with his eye trained on this summer's Olympics, set U.S. swimming record for 200-yard breaststroke, in 2:19.2 time, at dual meet against Purdue, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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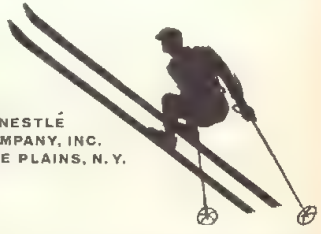

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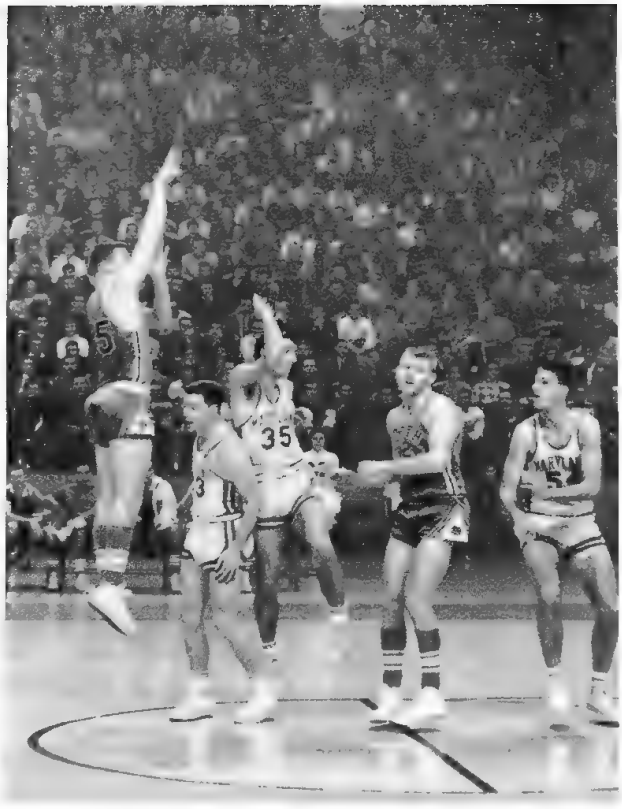
BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN



SOARING over heads of confused Maryland defenders, North Carolina's Doug Moe, back in lineup for first time since semester-long layoff, lofts shot at basket.

While most of the nation's leading college teams were still maneuvering for conference titles, three major independents—**Villanova** (16-1), **Dayton** (16-3) and **Detroit** (15-3)—jumped the gun, announced that they would play in New York's season-end National Invitation Tournament. This is the earliest signing in NIT history and is a direct outgrowth of the struggle between NIT and NCAA tournament sponsors for the top-rated clubs. The NCAA, which will not make its selections until the regular season is over, has one big advantage—major conference champions must play in the NCAA tournament, or none at all.

THE EAST

A sure bellwether of **St. John's** fortunes is the state of Coach Joe Lapchick's sensitive stomach. Last week Lapchick had that wrought-up feeling. The Redmen again were among the best in the East. Tony Jackson was back on target with his jump shot, sophomore Center Leroy Ellis had learned to make the most of his 6 feet 9 inches underneath the boards and sophomore Playmaker Ivan Kovacs was proving to be a skillful ball handler and shooter. St. John's overwhelmed **Syracuse** 85–68 in Madison Square Garden, outhustled **Niagara** 79–71 for its sixth straight.

Villanova, giving New York fans a preview of its many talents, overcame harassment by **Manhattan** and rioting by its overenthusiastic fans, beat the Jaspers 62–55 for Coach Al Severance's 400th victory. But it wasn't easy. Little Guard Jimmy Huggard found a hole in the Manhattan defense, saved the Wildcats from possible embarrassment by scoring 22 points, six of them in the last few minutes. Two nights later Villanova beat **Siena** 63–38.

Hardly showing the effects of a two-week layoff, **NYU** had its fast break in good working order, defeated **Duquesne** 67–58, **Pitt** 77–66. **Providence** romped over Niagara 68–43, **Brown** 65–54, **Colby** 60–37 to run its winning streak to 10. **Holy Cross**'s Jack Foley, who can—and does—shoot with anyone, led the Crusaders past **Villa Madonna** 99–78, **Boston College** 80–68. **LaSalle**'s crafty Coach Dudey Moore pulled off the week's biggest surprise when his Explorers caught **St. Joseph**'s with its defenses drooping, upset the Hawks 80–73 to take over the Mid-Atlantic Conference lead.

Harvard gave **Dartmouth**'s Ivy League chances a boost by upsetting **Cornell** 79–78, then the Indians helped themselves by outrunning the Big Red 83–79. But Coach Doggy Julian began to worry about **Princeton**, which beat **Yale** 69–60 and moved into second place.

Navy rallied to beat **Temple** 84–72 but lost to **Duke** 58–48; Manhattan edged Syracuse 62–61; **Seton Hall** walloped **Lafayette** 93–68 to give Coach Honey Russell his 300th win; unbeaten **Maine** (13–0) beat **Connecticut** 65–64, led Yankee Conference. The top three:

1. VILLANOVA (16-1)
2. NYU (11-2)
3. ST. JOHN'S (12-5)

THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson may not be the most exuberant college player of his time, but last week he became the most prolific. Serenely aloof to the excitement around him, Oscar piled up 36 points while leading the Bearcats past **Drake** 96–61 to break Frank Selvy's three-year major-college record (2,538), then hoisted in 29 more in a 67–55 win over **Houston** to snap the four-year mark (2,587) held by Wake Forest's Dickie Hemric. After 76 games and 2,600 points in less than three years, Robertson permitted himself a subdued puff: "I'm glad I did it."

Bradley, Missouri Valley co-leader with Cincinnati, had its troubles in the West, finally escaped with close victories over **Seattle** 83–80, **Gonzaga** 80–68. Back home in their comfy Peoria gym, the Braves crushed **North Texas State** 101–61, but faced a trying problem: how to find a replacement for talented Bobby Joe Mason, who last week completed his college eligibility. Meanwhile, **St. Louis**' burly 6-foot 10-inch Bob Nordmann began to throw his 270 pounds around, helped the Billikens beat **Wichita** 75–67, **Tulsa** 83–56.

The chase was about over in the Big Ten. There was simply no stopping **Ohio State**. Against **Michigan**, the reserves took over, humbled the Wolverines 99–52. Against **Northwestern**'s slowdown the varsity ran away to a 77–58 win. **Minnesota**, unseasonably hot a week earlier, was cooled off by **Michigan State** 84–63. **Indiana**, showing signs of coming alive, outscored Northwestern 76–58, **Wisconsin** 97–85, but the Hoosiers' title chances were hurt by three early-season losses.

Colorado, perked up by the accurate-shooting Willy Gilmore, knocked off **Iowa State** 70–55, Big Eight leader **Kansas State** 65–50. Dayton got another good game from Gary Roggenburk (23 points) and trimmed **Miami of Ohio** 72–60; **Detroit** managed to get by **Marquette** 65–58 but fell before **Toledo** 69–61. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (17-1)
2. CINCINNATI (17-1)
3. OHIO STATE (15-2)

THE SOUTH

With a loud W-a-a-a-r E-a-g-g-l-e! and a late flurry of points, **Auburn** downed **Georgia Tech** 48–45 and halted for a moment the Yellow Jackets' rush to their first Southeastern Conference title in 22 years. *see page 12* Four nights later, back on its home court, Tech was back on the track, befuddled **Tulane** with a full-court press and Coach Whack Hyder's favorite spread offense, tumbled the Green Wave out of contention 74–55. With Dave Denton working off a high post for 21 points while Roger Kaiser shot over a harried defense for 15 more, Tulane never had a chance. Admitted Tulane Coach Cliff Wells: "If I can't win the championship, I would like to see Georgia Tech take it. I'm tired of having Kentucky use the rest of us in the league as a stepping stone to a national reputation—and if Adolph Rupp has to lose it, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy." But **Kentucky** was still in the fight. Even without ailing Bill Lickert and scholastically indisposed Bennie Coffman, the Wildcats got enough outside shooting from Sid Cohen and Dick Parsons to hold off **Mississippi** 61–43.

North Carolina's Atlantic Coast leaders, strengthened by the return of Doug Moe, last year's sophomore star, tied up **Maryland** with a tight zone, got 48 points from Lee Shaffer and York Larese, whipped the Terps 75–66 before 14,000 at College Park. Right behind the Tar Heels came **Wake Forest**, whose sophomore Center Len Chappell helped the Deacons beat **Duke** 80–63, then dropped in the basket that edged Maryland 65–64.

George Washington, making good use of the hot hands of Dick Markowitz and Jon Feldman, shocked **Virginia Tech** 105–90, knocked the Gobblers out of the Southern Conference lead. However, the Colonials couldn't maintain the pace, went the way of most flesh at Morgantown as Jerry West led **West Virginia** to an easy 101–79 triumph. Earlier in the week, West scored 39 points as the Mountaineers swamped **VMI** 101–71 to start a new winning streak. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (18-2)
2. GEORGIA TECH (17-3)
3. NORTH CAROLINA (10-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M split a pair of games on the West Coast, beating **San Francisco** 69–65, losing to **Santa Clara** 66–55, came home to find it had to share the Southwest Conference lead with **SMU**. The Mustangs got there by outfiring **TCU** 79–73 and overtaking **Arkansas** 72–70 on Kim Nash's jump shot in overtime. The Aggies kept pace by drubbing **Texas Tech** 89–59. And only one game behind the leaders was **Texas**, a 98–77 winner over TCU.

New Mexico State's eight-game winning streak was broken by UCLA 66–56, but the Aggies took over first place in the Border Conference when Arizona State knocked off **West Texas State** 104–85. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (14-2)
2. SMU (12-4)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (15-4)

THE WEST

USC's hopes of battling **California** for the Big Five title exploded in one mad weekend at Los Angeles. First, **Stanford**'s "panic five" second-stringers ran the Trojans into the boards and the Indians won 82–71 when junior Forward John Hendry scored 11 points in the second overtime. Then, much-beaten **Washington** buried the weary men of Troy 59–49.

Now only **UCLA**, which beat Stanford 67–54, has a hope of catching Cal. But its chances seem slim. Big Five coaches, after watching Cal rally behind Darrall Imhoff and Earl Shultz to trounce Washington 68–53, nodded in solemn agreement: the Bears were better than ever.

Utah State and **Utah** moved almost effortlessly toward a Skyline showdown Feb. 27 in Logan. The league-leading Aggies clobbered **Denver** 99–69, crushed **New Mexico** 86–59. Utah polished off **Colorado State** 86–76 to take second place, stayed there with a 93–71 win over **Wyoming**.

St. Mary's got a lift from Veteran Tom Meschery, who played in a boxer's headgear to protect his jaw, fractured last December, rolled over **Pepperdine** 74–69, **Loyola** 60–51 to grab the lead in the West Coast Athletic Conference. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (17-1)
2. UTAH STATE (17-2)
3. UTAH (17-2)

THE PROS

Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain and the **Celtics**' Bill Russell made the big news in the NBA last week. Chamberlain flipped in 43 points against **Syracuse**, became the third player in NBA history to score more than 2,000 points in one season (the others: George Yardley, 2,0001 in 1958; Bob Pettit, 2,105 in 1959). By Sunday, Chamberlain had 2,093 points, was ready to break Pettit's mark in Detroit Tuesday night. Russell, who has been stirring restlessly in Chamberlain's substantial shadow for most of the season, shrugged off a slight charley horse, plucked off a record-breaking 51 rebounds against Syracuse to reassert his claim as pro basketball's finest defender.

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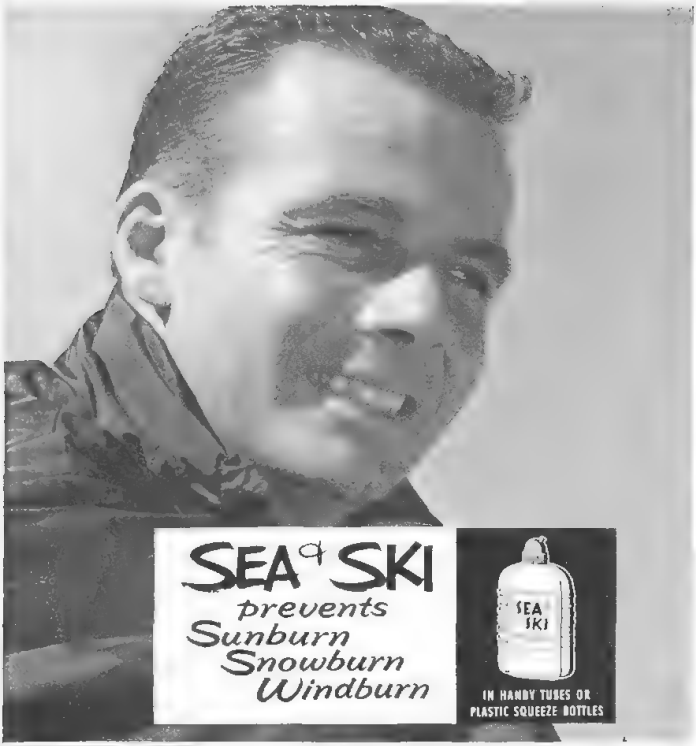

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COMING EVENTS

February 12 to February 18

All times are E S T

★ *Color Television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, February 12

BASKETBALL (college)
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
USC at California.

BOXING
◉ Griffith vs. Ortega, welters, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE RACING
California Breeder's Champion, $75,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD
Philadelphia Inquirer Meet, Philadelphia.

Saturday, February 13

BASKETBALL (college)
Bradley at Drake
Duke at North Carolina
Iowa at Ohio State
◉ Kansas at Oklahoma State (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network) *
◉ Northwestern at Michigan (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network) *
Temple vs. Connecticut, Villanova vs. NYU at Philadelphia
UCLA at California
(pro)
Minneapolis at Detroit
Philadelphia at Boston
◉ St. Louis at New York, 2:15 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf series, Locke vs. Bolt, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY
Detroit at Toronto.
◉ Montreal at Boston, 2 p.m. (CBS).

HORSE RACING
★ ■ Hialeah Turf Cup, $75,000 added, Hialeah Park, Fla. (NBC) *
San Antonio Handicap, $50,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.

TENNIS
Pro Tour, White Plains, N.Y. (also Feb. 14)

TRACK & FIELD
Los Angeles Times Indoor Games, Los Angeles.
New York AC, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York

Sunday, February 14

BASKETBALL (pro)
◉ Boston at Philadelphia, 2 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf series, Souchak vs. Ragan, 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

WATER CARNIVAL
◉ Biscayne Bay Championships, Miami Beach, Fla., 3 p.m. (CBS).

Monday, February 15

BASKETBALL (college)
Ohio State at Illinois

CURLING
U.S. Women's Championship, Highland Park, Ill. (through Feb. 19).

Tuesday, February 16

BASKETBALL (college)
Georgia Tech at Tennessee.
Texas A&M at Texas
(pro)
St. Louis at Detroit.

Wednesday, February 17

BASKETBALL (college)
DePaul at Dayton
North Carolina at North Carolina State
West Virginia at George Washington
(pro)
St. Louis vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia vs. Syracuse at Philadelphia
Syracuse at Philadelphia

BOXING
◉ Hank vs. Rodriguez, light heavys, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

HORSE RACING
The Everglades, $25,000 added, Hialeah Park, Fla.

Thursday, February 18

BASKETBALL (college)
Denver at Utah
(pro)
Boston vs. New York, Syracuse vs. Philadelphia at Syracuse

GOLF
Tucson Open, $20,000, Tucson, Ariz. (through Feb. 21)

HOCKEY
Detroit at Montreal

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ Opening ceremonies (tape; 7:30 p.m., CBS)

* See local listing

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FEBRUARY 15, 1960

ALL SET FOR THE

The Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley will be seen by more people than ever, and once again they promise a wonderful show

INTO Squaw Valley they pour, 800 athletes clad in the brilliant parkas of 30 national teams, the best skiers and skaters in the world. Now the long years of training are over; in this remote little valley on the California-Nevada line, sport's greatest winter spectacle—the VIII Olympic Winter Games—is about to begin.

It will be the first Olympic competition held in America in 28 years and, partly because of this, the problems seemed almost insurmountable from the first (*see page 36*). Even in the last few weeks, on the eve of the Games, a surplus of problems seemed to survive. On Feb. 1 the roof of the brand-new $4 million ice arena developed leaks. A relatively docile Sierra blizzard sent winds of 100 miles an hour moaning around Squaw Peak, dumping an additional load of snow on the valley floor. An avalanche completely blocked the main highway from San Francisco, put a 60-foot kink in a transcontinental cable and caused a near blackout in communications. Then, last weekend, a new crisis threatened. Torrential rain and winds of gale force menaced the survival of administration buildings as well as ski runs and ice rinks. The horrible possibility emerged that California's first Winter Games might be a literal washout.

Besides the usual weather difficulties, Squaw Valley has been afflicted with a mild dose of international bickering, the kind that has become as much a part of the Games as the Olympic oath. European nations threatened to boycott the entire affair because of accommodations they considered "quite unacceptable." The Greeks wouldn't allow use of the sacred Olympic flame, and the torch had to be fired up in Norway instead. Olympic Chancellor Otto Mayer worried that lavish entertainment plans were turning Squaw Valley into a "second Disneyland." East and West Germany finally agreed to compete under one flag, only to have the East Germans discover that visas of 10 officials had been held up by the U.S. State Department. And with time growing short, Nationalist China, India, the Federation Internationale de Ski and the International Olympic Committee became involved in a four-cornered controversy that finally induced India to withdraw its one-man ski team and might keep the Formosans out, too. The argument ostensibly arose from an interpretation of a rule technicality, but because of a recent controversy it still managed to leave clouds of politi-

THE SQUAW VALLEY LAYOUT

Entire Olympic plant, except for cross-country courses, is tucked into tight, 640-acre complex at western end of Squaw Valley. Opening, closing ceremonies will be held in central ice arena (1). Other facilities are: speed-skating oval (2), spectator centers (3), ice hockey rinks (4), administration building and score tabulation center (5), press building (6), officials' housing (7), practice rink (8), Olympic Village (9), ski jump (10), chair lift (11), ladies' giant slalom course (12), ladies' slalom (13), Pomalift (14), ladies' downhill (15), men's slalom (16), chair lift (17), men's giant slalom (18), men's downhill (19), chair lift (20), tram (21), chair lift (22). Cross country events take place at McKinney Creek, 12 miles from the valley.

GAMES!

cal intrigue hovering over the Games.

Yet on Thursday of next week, when Andrea Mead Lawrence comes winging down Papoose Peak, torch held high, and the athletes of those 31 nations—or 30, depending upon what happens to Nationalist China when the IOC meets this weekend—parade onto the valley floor, the Winter Olympics will be off and running on schedule. As usual, it will be a wonderful show.

More people will see more of what is going on at Squaw Valley than was possible at any Winter Olympics which came before. Not that the crowds will be as large, but, once there, they can see; Squaw Valley is small (*see map*), and it is possible for a spectator to reach any area of competition in a matter of minutes. Also, CBS has scheduled 10 hours of live coverage of the Games; never before has television paid this much attention to winter sports.

The ice arena, roof now calked, will seat only 8,500, but spectator space for outdoor speed skating, ice hockey and ski jumping events is virtually unlimited. On the ski trails the only restrictive factor is man's unwillingness to climb up a mountain and stand, freezing in the snow, while the races are going on. But it isn't necessary to freeze in Squaw Valley all the time; two huge spectator centers include thawing-out space as well as hot dogs, and sometimes the sun even shines, sending temperatures as high as 60°.

The 1956 Olympics at Cortina turned out to be a Russian showpiece, and Squaw Valley will repeat in that respect. U.S.S.R. speed skaters are supreme, their Nordic skiers rank with the Scandinavians, their hockey team is very good—although maybe not quite up to beating the Canadians again. For the first time Russia has also produced a figure-skating pair that may challenge Canada, Germany and the U.S. When the Games end on Feb. 28, the Russians will have won as many as 13 of the 27 gold medals at Squaw Valley.

OLYMPIC FORM CHART

The Soviet hymn should be played 13 times for Russian victories

	EVENT (finals)	FAVORITE	NATION
DAY 1 FEB. 18	OPENING CEREMONIES		ALL NATIONS
DAY 2 FEB. 19	30-km. cross-country skiing	Sixten Jernberg	Sweden
	Downhill (men)	Adrien Duvillard	France
	Figure skating (pairs)	Barbara Wagner, Bob Paul	Canada
	Hockey*	Kitchener-Waterloo Dutchmen	Canada
DAY 3 FEB. 20	10-km. cross-country (ladies)	Maria Gusakova	U.S.S.R.
	Downhill (ladies)†	Traudl Hecher	Austria
	500-meter speed skating (ladies)†	Tamara Rylova	U.S.S.R.
DAY 4 FEB. 21	Biathlon	Alexander Privalov	U.S.S.R.
	1,500-meter speed skating (ladies)	Valentina Stenina	U.S.S.R.
	Giant slalom (men)†	Karl Schranz	Austria
DAY 5 FEB. 22	1,000-meter speed skating (ladies)	Klara Guseva	U.S.S.R.
	Nordic combined	Tormud Knutsen	Norway
DAY 6 FEB. 23	Giant slalom (ladies)	Penny Pitou	U.S.
	3,000-meter speed skating (ladies)	Lydia Skoblikova	U.S.S.R.
	Figure skating (ladies)	Carol Heiss	U.S.
	15-km. cross-country (men)	Sixten Jernberg	Sweden
DAY 7 FEB. 24	500-meter speed skating (men)	Evgeny Grishin	U.S.S.R.
	Slalom (men)	Karl Schranz	Austria
DAY 8 FEB. 25	4 x10-km. cross country relay (men)		U.S.S.R.
	5,000-meter speed skating (men)	Valery Kotov	U.S.S.R.
DAY 9 FEB. 26	3 x 5-km. cross-country relay (ladies)		U.S.S.R.
	Slalom (ladies)	Betsy Snite	U.S.
	1,500-meter speed skating (men)	Boris Stenin	U.S.S.R.
	Figure skating (men)	David Jenkins	U.S.
DAY 10 FEB. 27	50-km. cross-country (men)	Alexei Kuznetsov	U.S.S.R.
	10,000-meter speed skating	Vladimir Shilykovsky	U.S.S.R.
DAY 11 FEB. 28	Special jump†	Juhani Karkinen	Finland
	CLOSING CEREMONIES†		ALL NATIONS

Hockey is played each day, winner decided on round-robin basis
†*To be televised live by CBS*

CONTINUED

SPEED SKATING

The Soviet squad at Squaw Valley is packed with world champions who could win every gold medal in both men's and women's events

POWERFUL TAMARA RYLOVA IS SPECIALIST IN 500- AND 1,500-METER GIRLS' RACES

THE Soviet team, formidable in its over-all Olympic strength, is awesome when it comes to speed skating. At the last Games the U.S.S.R. took seven of the first 12 places. Many of the 1956 team, still the fastest collection of skaters ever assembled, will be racing at Squaw Valley, reinforced by a crop of younger champions. This combination should give Soviet Russia most of the gold medals and quite a few of the silver and bronze ones.

Best of the Russian veterans is Evgeny Grishin (*right*), who whipped to victory in the 500 and 1,500 meters at Cortina, setting world records in both. Grishin showed at the world championships at Davos last weekend that he is still at the top of his form. He won the 500 in 40.5. As for his upcoming appearance at Squaw Valley, Grishin has decreed, "I am not going to leave there without setting a world record."

Besides Grishin the Russians also have 25-year-old Gennady Voronin (*see cover*), a specialist in both the 500 and 1,500 meters, and Boris Stenin, world 1,500-meter champion. At the longer distances, Valery Kotov, the newest Russian star, just won the 5,000-meter at Davos in the impressive time of 8:06.1, so he is a good bet in the 5,000. However he could lose the latter to teammate Viktor Kosichkin. Then there is Vladimir Shilykovsky, who has already bettered the world's record of 16:32.6 by winning an all-Soviet 10,000 in 16:13.1 at Alma Ata only two weeks ago. The only opposition in this distance is teammate Nikolai Shtelbaums, Jan Pesman of The Netherlands and possibly Norway's Knut Johannesen.

These are not all the speed skating medals Russia will win. For the first time in any Winter Olympics, there will be women's races. And the Russians, who were largely responsible for introducing the innovation, will probably sweep the gold medals in the four women's events—500, 1,000, 1,500 and 3,000. Valentina Stenina wife of Boris Stenin), the remarkable Tamara Rylova (*left*), Lydia Skoblikova and Klara Guseva will be almost impossible to beat.

The U.S. skaters, with perhaps two or three exceptions, are not up to Olympic standards. Most of them are accustomed to the North American style of racing, a sort of roller derby on ice, in which everyone skates in a tight pack, jostling and elbowing at the turns as he tries to get an inside position. In international style, obligatory at the Olympics, competitors go off in pairs, each skater in his own lane, switching lanes only at a specified intersection.

A handful of American racers has been working hard over the past four years to master the international technique, and has shown some remarkable results. Bill Disney, a 27-year-old rug cleaner from Alhambra, Calif., has already bettered the world record (40.2) with 40.1 for 500 meters in a recent practice run at Squaw Valley. Terry McDermott of Essexville, Mich. has shown that he may be capable of 40 seconds flat, although the Russians could force the 500-meter time down to 39 seconds. Don McDermott (no relation to Terry) has also been swift in 500-meter practice sessions and he could be one of the surprises.

In the races above 500 meters, the U.S. has no male skaters with any real chance; and the ladies have no medal candidates at any distance. The most realistic prediction for the American skating squad is a possible silver or bronze in the men's 500.

WATCH FOR THEM AT SQUAW VALLEY

Leading the Russian drive for victory in the Winter Olympics is the Soviet speed skating wizard Evgeny Grishin (*right*). On the following pages is a gallery of stars from other nations who will challenge in other specialties. Some are sure medal winners, others may fall in the heat of the Olympic competition. All are able, pleasant people.

ANDERL MOLTERER, KARL SCHRANZ, HIAS LEITNER, EGON ZIMMERMANN

AUSTRIA
ALPINE SKIERS

This handsome foursome will represent the nation which has dominated Alpine skiing over the last 10 years. Any of them could take first place in slalom, giant slalom or downhill. Schranz was the world's best last year.

HAAKON BRUSVEEN
NORWAY
CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Among the best half dozen in the sport, Haakon uses blowtorch to spread wax that coats his skis.

TOIVO SALONEN
FINLAND
SPEED SKATING

World champion in 1,500-meter race, Toivo might win at the shorter 500-meter distance as well.

ROGER STAUB
SWITZERLAND
ALPINE SKIING

Third-ranked internationally, Roger is always at his best on the steepest terrain in downhill racing.

SIXTEN JERNBERG
SWEDEN
CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Gold-medal winner in the 1956 50-kilometer race, Sixten rates as the Games' fastest long-distance man.

THE SKI EVENTS

BIATHLON

The Russian team is the best in this unique shooting-cum-skiing contest

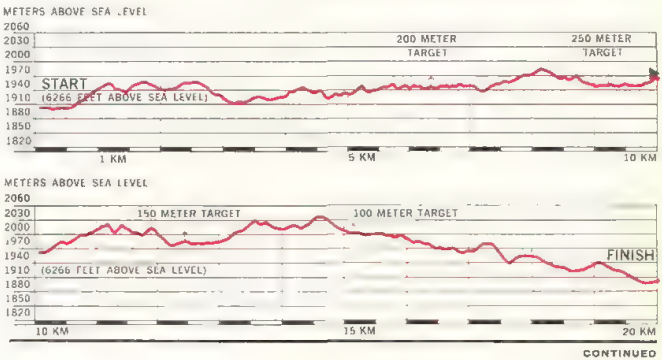
BIATHLON, a combination of cross-country skiing and rifle shooting, is the newest and oldest of the ski events. As part of the first ski meet recorded anywhere—at Oslo, Norway in 1767—there was a race in which the competitors both skied and shot. Yet the first biathlon world championship was not held until 1958. And only this year was it included in the Olympics at the strenuous request of the Russians and the Scandinavians, who value the sport for its military as well as sporting virtues.

The current world biathlon champion is, unsurprisingly, a Russian, Vladimir Melanin. His countrymen confidently predict a gold medal for him or teammate Alexander Privalov. The Swedes are expected to place their best man, Sven Agge, in one of the first three places.

The American record in major biathlon meets is dismal—last in 1958 world championships and third from last in 1959. Some small consolation was provided at the North American championships at Squaw Valley last year, when Larry Damon of Burlington, Vt., surprised everyone by winning the event over Sweden's favored Klas Lestander; but at the Olympics, Damon is considered unlikely to finish in the first 10. The man who wins the gold medal will probably endure as the Olympics' only biathlon champion: the event has just been voted out of the next Winter Games in 1964.

BIATHLON COURSE at McKinney Creek, about 12 miles from Squaw Valley, runs over same terrain as the cross-country courses. Biathlon track *see map above*) is 20 kilometers (12½ miles) long, has four firing ranges. Contestants must stop at each range, take five shots at a small (8 to 12 inches in diameter), dark target 110 to 270 yards away. Every miss adds two minutes penalty to competitor's normal 1½-hour elapsed time around the course. After he has finished firing at each station, the biathlon contestant may not continue race until he checks rifle with official to certify that chamber is empty. Along the course, skier carries rifle across back in a tight-fitting sling so it will not interfere with his running; but in difficult terrain (*see diagram below for cross-section of course's ups and downs*), even a good cross-country runner may slip and fall to ground, clogging muzzle or breech of his rifle with snow which must be removed before next firing. As fatigue sets in, accurate firing becomes harder, and pressure to hit target mounts. "It's not much like rifle marksmanship," said one competitor recently. "Your heart is pounding, you're shaking, and the target—it's mighty small."

BIATHLON TARGET



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SKI JUMPING

The big surprise of the Olympics may be an American jumper who has adopted the daring forward lean of the new international style

THE breath-taking, nose-over-ski-tips style of a top international jumper like Gene Kotlarek (*above*) is the most thrilling spectacle in a Winter Olympics. The event should hold a special excitement for Americans this year, for Kotlarek is the first U.S. jumper ever to offer a serious challenge for an Olympic medal. A 19-year-old sophomore from the University of Minnesota, Kotlarek has spent most of his young life hurling himself off the big jumping hills of the Midwest. And for the past five years, he has dedicated himself to mastering the forward lean of the new international jumping style.

The best jumpers at Squaw, including the top-ranked Finns, will stick close to this dynamic technique, which was introduced to the sport by Reinhard Straumann, a Swiss engineer and jumper. Before Straumann's style became known, jumpers leaped upward rather than outward. During flight, they leaned forward awkwardly from the waist, and flailed their arms in an attempt to keep their balance. Injuries were frequent. Straumann himself broke a leg, and while he was recuperating he formulated the startling theory that at take-off the skier should be propelled outward and slightly downward, not up.

Straumann went on to change international jumping style. In his climactic experiment, he hung a Swiss jumper up in a wind tunnel and turned on the fan. His instruments proved that by leaning forward from the ankles (*see figure 5 above*), the streamlined jumper could fly in a longer, flatter arc, which gave him greater distance and eased him gradually onto the landing slope. The graceful curve of the body appealed to jumping officials, who score a jumper half on form, half on distance.

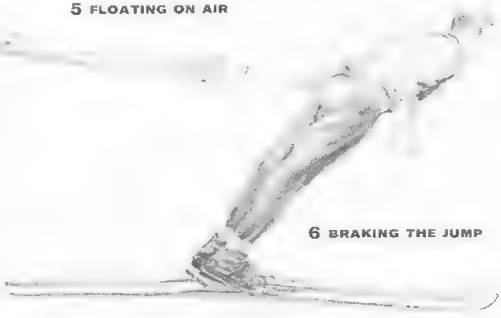
As soon as the technique became known, the Finns made it their own; and since they somehow seemed able to nose just a bit closer to their tips than others, the Norwegian monopoly of gold medals for Olympic jumping was broken for the first time at Cortina in 1956. The Norwegians, who got no better than ninth with their old-style jumps, then hastily converted to the ankle-lean. Today their top man, Torbjorn Yggeseth, leans as well as anyone. But the very best are still the Finns, headed by World Champion Juhani Karkinen and his brother Kalevi. They are light, wiry men with precise reflexes and, apparently, no nerves at all. One of them should win at Squaw Valley. If not, those with best chances are Helmut Recknagel and Max Bolkart, Germans who have been winning steadily this year on the Continent. The Russians have their first jumpers capable of winning gold medals in Nikolai Shamov and Nikolai Kamensky—powerful men who lack polish only in their landing technique.

The surprise of the Olympics, however, could well be Gene Kotlarek. Last year at the North American championships Kotlarek came within three feet and 2.8 total points of beating Kalevi Karkinen. This year he has been landing near or beyond record distances on most hills he has jumped, and his form is near perfect. Now, at the Games, he may be ready to win America's first jumping medal.

GENE KOTLAREK: A MODERN MASTER

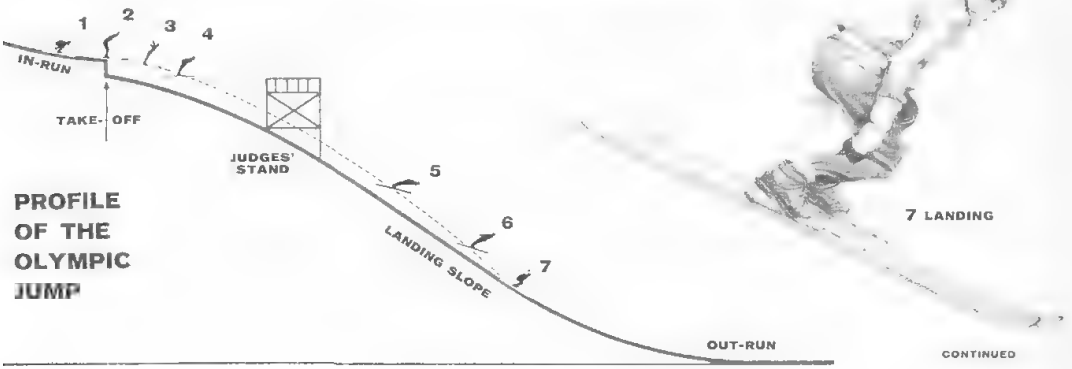
A successful jump on a big Olympic hill, illustrated here by Gene Kotlarek at Squaw Valley, has more to do with quick reflexes than brute strength. Starting at left, Kotlarek speeds toward the take-off in a deep crouch, arms cocked well back (**1**). Traveling at nearly 55 miles an hour, he swings his arms overhead (**2**) and straightens his legs, timing himself so that the maximum leg thrust comes at the instant his skis tilt downward off the lip of the jump. If he kicks a fraction early or late, he can lose 10 or 20 feet. As he sails out over the hill (**3**), Kotlarek swings his arms *down and back, simultaneously raising his ski tips to catch the* full lifting effect of the air. Then he starts his spectacular dive toward his tips (**4**), finally achieving the extreme lean (**5**) in which his body rides the air like the wing of a plane. He holds this riding position as long as he can; then, as he nears the ground, he shoots his arms out like wing flaps (**6**) to brake his flight. Absorbing the shock of landing by means of the classical Telemark position (**7**), he completes the jump. To win at the Olympics, Kotlarek must make two such jumps, holding perfect form until the moment after landing when the judges determine he has kept on his feet long enough to complete a standing jump.

Drawings by Burt Silverman



THE JUMPER AND THE HILL

Numbered silhouettes below correspond to numbered drawings above, showing positions of jumper relative to slope. Jumping hill at Squaw Valley is rated at 80 meters (262.4 feet,, distance from take-off to critical point where landing slope begins to flatten out. Jumper who flies 25 to 30 feet beyond critical point needs perfect form and superstrong legs to withstand impact of landing.



CONTINUED

CROSS-COUNTRY AND COMBINED

HUSBAND AND WIFE, Pavel Kolchin above and Alevtina Kolchina below, are top skiers on Russia's cross-country team.

The Scandinavians will win half the medals, the Soviets will get the rest

BARRING the most sensational upset of the 1960 Winter Games, every bronze, silver and gold medal in the six cross-country events will be taken home by skiers from Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. Cross-country has always been *the* winter sport in Scandinavia. By drawing from their nationwide resources of talent, the three small northern countries furnished every cross-country medal winner in the first six Olympics. In the seventh Games (1956), however, it became apparent that the Russians were benefiting from a massive program of cross-country training and had created a corps of first-class runners at least as impressive as that of the Scandinavians. In these Olympics, therefore, Russia will get from seven to nine of the 18 medals available.

The men's individual events vary from 15 to 50 kilometers, and even the shorter (10 km.) stretches of the four-man relay race can be an exhausting test. The runners take off in a quick, loose dogtrot, slapping their light narrow skis rhythmically against the track. The average winning speed around a fast 15-kilometer course is 12 to 13 miles an hour, and for a fast 50-kilometer, 9 to 10 miles an hour. There is very little slowing down. A good cross-country racer is expected to charge straight up the steepest hill on the course, literally hanging from one pole or the other at each step. But cross-country runners are an incredibly tough lot. Take Sweden's Sixten Jernberg: in nine days at the 1956 Olympics in Cortina, he took a second place in the 15-kilometer, second place in the 30-kilometer, first place in the 50-kilometer and ran anchor for the third-place relay team. Or Finland's Veikko Hakulinen. He came in fourth, first and second in the same events and anchored the second-place relay team. And there was Russia's Pavel Kolchin (*left*), who came in third, third, sixth and ran on the winning relay team.

At these Olympics, Jernberg, Hakulinen and Kolchin are again the three top candidates for medals in the 15- and 30-kilometer races, and since the courses at McKinney Creek wind through alternate stretches of open, sunny terrain and cool, wooded sections these veterans are even more certain of finishing in front: they have the experience to choose the proper ski wax—an essential advantage in cross-country—and to vary their running technique to fit the changing snow conditions.

Another high-ranking racer is Hallgeir Brenden, the remarkable Norwegian who won a gold medal in 1952, another in 1956 and who, now nearing 40, is still Norway's top 15-kilometer runner.

In the 50-kilometer marathon, first place should go to a Soviet newcomer, Alexei Kuznetsov, who seems ready to beat the 31-year-old Jernberg. Kuznetsov may win a bronze medal in one of the shorter distances as well.

The remaining individual medals will be divided among Arto Tiainen and Toimi Alatalo of Finland, Nikolai Anikin and Anatoli Sheliukhin of Russia, Sverre Stensheim and Oddmun Jensen of Norway, Jan Stefansson of Sweden. The best cross-country racer the U.S. has ever developed, Mack Miller, can be expected to finish well up among the first 15 in the shorter races. The relay should go to Russia.

In the women's 10-kilometer, Maria Gusakova, who has recently beaten both the world champion, Liubov Baranova and Kolchin's wife, Alevtina Kolchina, will insure that the women's gold medal stays in Russia. And the Russians will undoubtedly take the women's relay.

There is a seventh cross-country race on the McKinney Creek courses, a 15-kilometer run that, strictly speaking, is not an event in itself, but half of the Nordic combined. The other half is a jump on the 60-meter hill back in Squaw Valley. This two-part competition, run on consecutive days, requires the greatest versatility of all the ski events. Its winner, in the estimation of the Scandinavians, has to be the best skier of the Games. Number 1 man in the combined is Tormud Knutsen of Norway; Lars Dahlquist of Sweden and Dmitry Kochkin of Russia are the other likely medal winners.

DOWNHILL, SLALOM, GIANT SLALOM

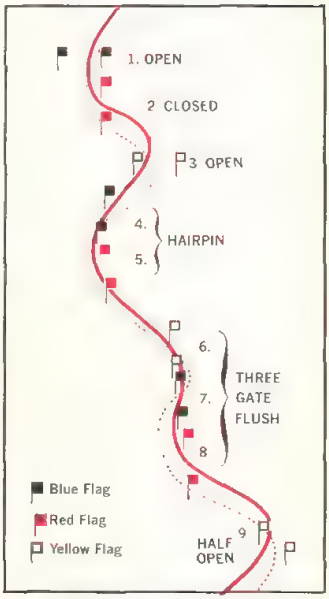
Sailer is gone, but in Alpine events Austria seems as formidable as ever

AS A NATION and as a team, Austria still produces the best Alpine skiers in the world. But in 1960 there is no Toni Sailer in sight, and the Austrians are going to have their hands full on the slopes of KT-22, Little Papoose and Squaw Peak.

For years the Austrians have been saying that young Karl Schranz will someday dominate the Alpine events. Perhaps Schranz is ready now. Blond Anderl Molterer, a silver medalist at Cortina in 1956, is quite likely the finest slalom racer around, quick and brilliant and daring. Yet Schranz has not been skiing up to his terrific 1959 form, and Molterer is perhaps too daring; he still falls down. The trouble which has afflicted Schranz and Molterer and their very capable teammates may be overconfidence. As a result, when the snow settles at the completion of the Alpine events,

continued

PERT 16-YEAR-OLD TRAUDL HECHER IS NEWEST STAR AMONG THE AUSTRIAN GIRLS



HIGH LINE FOR SLALOM

A slalom is run in two heats over a rigidly controlled course designed to test the skier's turning technique, reaction time and ability to plan ahead. The course consists of as many as 75 gates made from pairs of poles topped by flags colored in sequence (blue, red, yellow) and covers a distance of about 600 yards. The blending of terrain with some of the trickier gate-settings (hairpins, corridors, flushes) can be made to produce any degree of difficulty desired.

To maintain speed through a typical section of slalom course like the one above, the racer tries to run the straightest line possible, making long, smooth turns that let him keep his skis flat on the snow. To get this effect, the good skier (*solid line*) goes into his turns high, taking full advantage of the room available to control his line into the next gate. The poor skier (*dotted line*), turning late and wide, is in constant trouble. His skis slide and his edges chatter on the sharp turns, costing precious seconds and perhaps throwing him out of control so he overruns the next control gate entirely.

the new "best skier in the world" could well be a 25-year-old Frenchman named Adrien Duvillard.

Duvillard has always been a rough, strong skier who seemed to lack style and confidence. Now he has all the confidence in the world and has apparently smoothed out his technique as well. First place in such a major European test as the recent Hahnenkamm slalom, to go along with his Hahnenkamm and Mégève downhill victories, indicates that he is no longer rough, just very good.

There are other contenders in the men's events—Willi Forrer and the handsome, carefree downhill racer, Roger Staub, make a strong entry for Switzerland—but the real dark horses are the resurgent young Germans: Willi Bogner (18), Ludwig Leitner (19) and Hans-Peter Lanig (24). Bogner, son of the famed stretch-pants manufacturer, could turn out to be sensational, and Sailer himself thinks Willi might have a real good shot at winning the downhill. "The Squaw Valley course has easy turns and straight stretches," says the hero of the Tyrol. "The kind of course where skis run very fast. Bogner stands perfectly on his skis. Schranz and Molterer ski with their arms and legs and don't run so quietly. All that motion is for nothing."

GANGWAY FOR THE U.S. GIRLS

With Bud Werner out, the U.S. has virtually no hope in the men's competition—but the U.S. girls are something else (SI, Feb. 1). Penny Pitou, Betsy Snite and Linda Meyers could place in any of the events. However, the American girls can expect trouble from one who has just arrived on the international racing scene: Traudl Hecher, the 16-year-old baby of the Austrian team. She beat Pitou in the Hahnenkamm downhill and, a week later, showed this was no fluke by winning the Austrian trials over Erika Netzer, a potential gold medalist herself.

Switzerland has a pair to rank with the U.S. and Austria: Madeleine Chamot-Berthod, downhill champion at Cortina, who has been making a comeback, and Annemarie Waser, in Snite's class in the slalom.

Still, the Alpine outlook is relatively simple: watch the Austrian men and Duvillard, the American girls and Hecher. They are the ones to beat.

AT PEAK OF HIS CAREER, ADRIEN DUVILLARD OF FRANCE COULD BE WORLD'S BEST

YOUNG GERMANS LIKE HANS-PETER LANIG CHALLENGE AUSTRIAN DOMINATION

ICE HOCKEY

A fast, tough Canadian team aims to regain the gold medal—and the prestige—it lost to Russia

THE NATIONS that won the first five places in the hockey tournament at the 1956 Winter Games—Soviet Russia, the U.S., Canada, Sweden and Czechoslovakia—will all be at Squaw Valley. Each has been even more careful this time in building its team, more progressive in its training methods, more devoted to attuning each player to his function in a smoothly gliding machine.

The Russian team, which arrived in Denver Jan. 28 and walked away with its first two exhibition contests, seems even stronger than it was at Cortina, where it won all seven of its games, scoring 40 goals and conceding only nine. The new team, like the last one, skates fast and well and passes with notable precision. The Russians are deadly when the opposition has a man in the penalty box. Then they jealously and meticulously control the puck until they can drive home this advantage. But they are best on defense, and their key man is Goalie Nikolai Puchkov, a master judge of angles and distance. Helping Puchkov keep the puck clear of the net are two quick and aggressive defensemen, Genrikh Sidorenkov and Nikolai Sologubov.

Canada is still smarting from its poor showing in 1956, when the team flew into Cortina with a bland confidence in its country's supremacy over world hockey and left with an undistinguished third-place medal. This time the Canadians have chosen the tough Kitchener-Waterloo Dutchmen and sprinkled among them members of the 1958 World Champion Whitby Dunlops and the 1959 world titlists, the Belleville McFarlands. This composite team will probably have the fastest skaters at Squaw Valley and the roughest backcheckers on defense. Olympic rules, however, are quite strictly against the heavy body contact to which pro hockey fans are accustomed, and the Canadians will have to tone down their game or else spend a lot of their time in the penalty box. There is also a question as to how well the Dutchmen have learned to play with the men from the other teams. Nevertheless Canada has a squad which, man for man, is every bit as good as the Russians, maybe better.

The U.S. surprised everyone by getting a silver medal in 1956 but has never won a hockey gold medal. In fact, no team representing the U.S. has ever beaten a Soviet team. Nor is the record against Canada much brighter. The two best men on the U.S. squad are probably Defenseman John Mayasich and Wing Dick Meredith, both veterans of Cortina. The rest of the team still lacks experience—eight players have never been in major international competition. Most experts feel the U.S. will have to scramble to stay out of fourth place, but Coach Jack Riley is optimistic and thinks this is the best U.S. team ever. He says, "Ours is the strongest squad it is possible to get together in this country, and we will be up among the top three."

BATTLE OF THE BRONZE

Czechoslovakia will use a style of play similar to that of the Russian team, featuring good backchecking and puck control. If the Czechs have a fault it is that they cannot be counted upon to withstand stiff backchecking. Their shooting, however, is reasonably good, and they should be on at least even terms with the Swedes and may possibly nose out the U.S. for a third-place bronze medal.

GOALIE HAROLD HURLEY IS MAIN HOPE AGAINST SHARPSHOOTING RUSSIANS

CONTINUED

CANADA'S BARBARA WAGNER AND BOB PAUL ARE STANDOUTS IN PAIRS

FIGURE SKATING

PAIRS AND LADIES' SINGLES

The U. S. and Canada are supreme but some Europeans will put up a fight

PAIR SKATING is a lilting ice ballet which leads off the Olympic skating program, and at this sport—or art—Barbara Wagner and Bob Paul are the best in the world. These perfectionists on ice (SI, Dec. 15, 1958) have the talent and the experience to perform the most difficult and dangerous lifts, spins and spirals. They have a feeling for music and showmanship that is particularly important in the pairs event, in which all scoring is based on a five-minute free-skating program set to music the contestants choose themselves.

Like all the other skaters at Squaw Valley, Canada's Barbara and Bob are keeping their Olympic routine secret. It is no secret, however, that they are too good to finish with anything but a gold medal. The silver should go to Marika Kilius and Hans-Jürgen Bäumler of Germany, who nosed out Russia's spectacular but less-polished team of Stanislav and Nina Zhuk for the European title last week.

In the Ladies' singles, the Netherlands has two medal candidates in Sjoukje Dijkstra and Joan Haanappel, who finished first and third respectively in last week's European championships. Notably missing from the top three was Ina Bauer (*opposite*), who scored a disappointing fourth in the school figures, then shocked everyone by announcing she was retiring from amateur skating and would not go to the Olympics.

No matter what girls go to Squaw Valley, however, none will beat the queen of figure skating, Carol Heiss (*pages 30–31*). Carol rules the ice with serene self-confidence in both phases of the competition. In the school figures, which are elaborations of the old-fashioned skating-pond figure eights, she can trace the same pattern over and over again with either foot, gliding forward or backward, on inside or outside edges with unshakable aplomb. Her proficiency in this exacting though unspectacular activity virtually assures her of the over-all title, because school figures account for 60% of each skater's total score. The other 40% is awarded for freestyle skating, in which Carol is the finest artist on the ice today. She has no competition but the standards she sets for herself.

INA BAUER

GERMANY

Last-minute pre-Games drama was provided by pretty 19-year-old from Krefeld, who suddenly announced she would not compete in Squaw Valley.

CAROL HEISS

UNITED STATES

WOMEN'S FIGURE SKATING

Resplendent in her Olympic costume, Carol flashes a smile which reflects the natural confidence of a girl who is an almost-sure gold medal winner.

this new Chevrolet knows you like your comfort

(and keeps mighty quiet about it!)

Nothing else pampers you with quite the same roominess and ride—and such serene silence as this ever-lovin' '60 Chevrolet. That's because nobody else bends so far over backwards to find out what you want and bring it to you. For example, Chevy's the only car in the leading low-priced three to cradle you on coil springs at every wheel. And there are new body mounts—plus soft-spoken engines—to make your ride as quiet as a whisper. Check your dealer on all the ways Chevy's been thoughtful of you (including new, budget-pleasing prices).

Roomier Body by Fisher (*with a 25% smaller transmission tunnel for more foot room up front*).

Pride-pleasing style (*combines good looks with good sense*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (*makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon*).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (*24 combinations in all—to satisfy the most finicky driver*).

Hi-Thrift 6 (*built with Chevy's famed ever-faithful dependability*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts to filter out road shock and noise*).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (*specially designed for long lining wear*).

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

there's nothing like a new car... and no new car like a Chevrolet. This is the Bel Air Sport Coupe

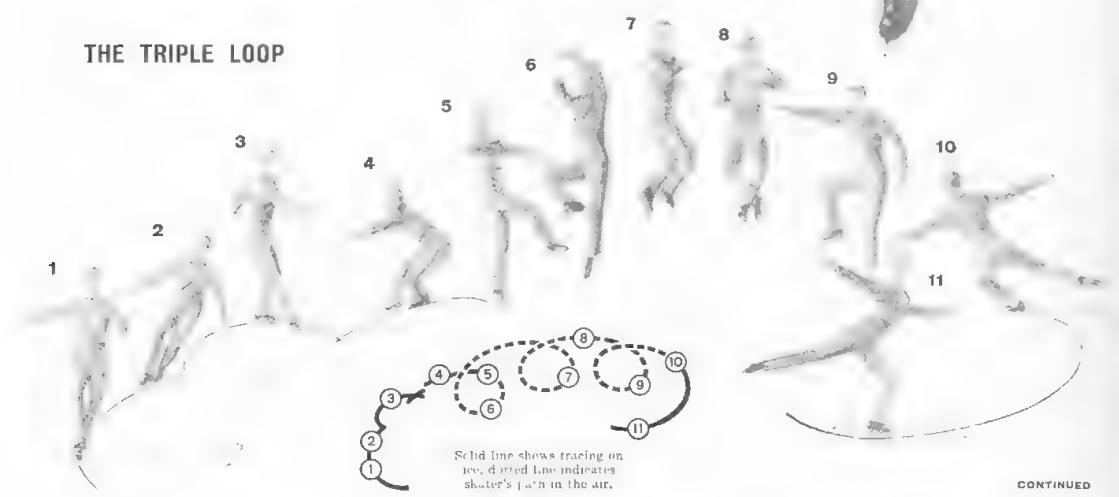
Illustrations by M. J. Hodges

MEN'S SINGLES

A dazzling display of jumps and spins will win a gold medal for three-time world champion David Jenkins

FEW SKATERS even attempt and none can match the free-skating achievements of a 23-year-old medical student from Colorado Springs named David Jenkins. An exciting, acrobatic skater, Jenkins will probably be beaten in the precise school figures by Teammate Tim Brown of Sacramento, but in the leaping, whirling free figures like the triple loop jump shown here, he is peerless. To begin this spectacular maneuver, Jenkins works up speed, then brings it under control with a series of quick turns (**1**, **2** and **3**) which also start the wind-up process. The tighter he winds and the harder he presses *down* on the ice (**4**), the greater his upward thrust when he releases that pressure. At the instant of explosive take-off (**5**), all parts of his body coordinate in one great upward push. The skating leg bursts from its compressed position to act as a thrusting lever, the free leg rises (**6**) and, together with the right shoulder and head, leads the turning action. Approaching the peak of the jump (**7**), Jenkins snaps his arms in toward his chest and crosses his legs (**8**) to keep maximum control of his rapidly whirling body. On the descent (**9**) he checks his spin by flinging out his powerful arms, then unhooks his legs before gently landing (**10**) and gliding off into a graceful spiral (**11**).

THE TRIPLE LOOP



Solid line shows tracing on ice, dotted line indicates skater's path in the air.

CONTINUED

Olympic [illegible] Bob Richards Director of the Wheaties Sports Federation

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A library of "How To" books in many sports—the Wheaties Sports Library! Formerly 50c each from the Athletic Institute, but now TWO for 50c with one Wheaties boxtop in Wheaties' special offer. From duffers to pros, everyone can learn from these remarkable Sports Library books, prepared by top men and women in their fields. The sports covered include: tennis, baseball, basketball, badminton, golf, archery, volleyball, bowling, softball and swimming. *See specially marked Wheaties packages for details.*

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Today's Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions" in modern form. They're big, crisp flakes with a bright, new taste—a he-man taste—something to get your teeth into at breakfast. And they have the whole wheat goodness and whole wheat nutrition Wheaties have always been famous for. Try Today's Wheaties, with milk and your favorite fruit, for breakfast soon. You'll be glad you did!

Snap up with Today's Wheaties and get more fun out of life!

ALEC IN WONDERLAND

Starting 12 years ago with a wilderness, Alec and Justine Cushing may soon acquire control of a $15 million winter sports plant

THE man and woman sipping tea *opposite* within the vibrantly red confines of their living room at Squaw Valley are Alec and Justine Cushing, a uniquely endowed couple in the world of American skiing. Emigrés from what some people consider the right part of Manhattan (the East Side), they moved 12 years ago to what some other people consider the wrong part of the Sierra (anywhere outside the Sugar Bowl). In the intervening years, they have created splendor unmatched among U.S. winter resorts.

Consider, first, the setting. On a clear day, a visitor seated in this room can count at least eight different shades of red or red derivatives. These do not include Alec's purple sweater and red kerchief. Arranged against this background is a collection of baroque Italian mirrors and Chinese *objets d'art*, the most spectacular of which is the gilded Buddha placed just in front of the window.

The scene within the living room, however, pales beside the spectacle outside. Outside are the Winter Olympics, the biggest and most expensive Winter Games in history. They are there because Alec brought them there. And he did it at a time and in a way that no one thought possible.

It was in early 1955 that Alec first made his bid for the VIII Winter Games. Squaw Valley was then nothing but a small, badly run ski resort surrounded by some of America's deepest snow and finest ski terrain. There was one chair lift, billed ambiguously as the World's Largest (somebody else put up a longer one). There was a lodge and a large measure of ill will which Alec had earned by ignoring or insulting a fair number of the guests who paid to stay at his lodge. Overriding all these defects, however, were the ferocious determination and bland self-confidence of Alec Cushing.

Cushing flew to the crucial Olympic conference in Paris armed with a fanciful brochure of Squaw Valley, a 6-by-12-foot contour model of his proposed Olympic plant, and a promise of $1 million from the California legislature—provided he got the Games. He came back with the Winter Olympics, but he received no hero's welcome.

Avery Brundage and assorted U.S. Olympic officials were horrified when they got their first look at Alec's still primitive valley. Sierra natives grumbled because an Easterner was about to make a killing on the mountains *they* had discovered. And the California legislature was suddenly faced with a $15 million proposition for which it had so far earmarked no more than $1 million—which few people had thought they would have to produce.

Nevertheless, the job has been done, and done so well that even the most violent critics may yet find themselves backwatering. Brundage and company should be happy: they have a site with the most compact, modern and efficient layout the Winter Games have ever seen. The Sierra natives are enjoying an Olympic business boom that has already brought them $50 million in business and capital improvements, including a four-year speed-up in the four-laning of Route 40 across the mountains, and a shiny new air terminal in Reno.

As for the California legislature, it is now deciding what to do with the vast Olympic plant it will inherit the day the Games are over. One state official, Will Rogers Jr., says flatly, "When you make a bad deal, admit it. Let's get rid of Squaw Valley." His is a strong opinion, but probably a minority one. Many of the lawmakers have come grudgingly to realize that Cushing, while cutting his own slice of the cake, has left more than a few crumbs for the state. So they are inclined to retain nominal ownership, at least of the state-built skiing facilities, and lease them out to Cushing. What will happen to the rest—the ice arena, the speed skating rink, the jump, the Olympic village and the administration building—is still anyone's guess. Maybe Alec will get them, maybe he won't. In any case, it is a sure bet that Squaw Valley will keep pulling millions of dollars into the High Sierras. Former Nevada State Senator Ken Johnson perhaps summed it up best: "A lot of people around here are cursing Alec Cushing. But 10 years from now they'll want to put up a monument in his honor."

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

PAUSING FOR TEA, Alec and Justine relax amid red-on-red décor of their private chalet at the foot of Squaw Peak.

Photograph by Lucien Dodd Walsh

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CALIFORNIA'S DESERT EXTRAVAGANZA

Palm Springs' rollicking golf tournament had a huge field, $150,000 in prizes and Joe Campbell's now-famous hole in one

by JAMES MURRAY

IN A BOLD BID to justify their self-bestowed gaudy title of "Winter Golf Capital of the World," the desert communities of Palm Springs, Calif. last week pooled their resources, drafted the facilities of four of their poshest country clubs, called in the services of the world's most venerable insurance institution and then turned loose on their artificial fairways a horde of 528 golfers of all swings and sizes in a tournament grandly dubbed "the Desert Classic." With $150,000 in prizes posted for the 132 pros in the field, it is the richest event in golf.

The net result of all this extravagant effort was that Palm Springs lost $40,000 (plans for national TV fell through at the last minute)—and an obscure pro from Yuba City, Calif. who did not even qualify for the final round became rich, famous and the leading money winner of the 1960 tour to date.

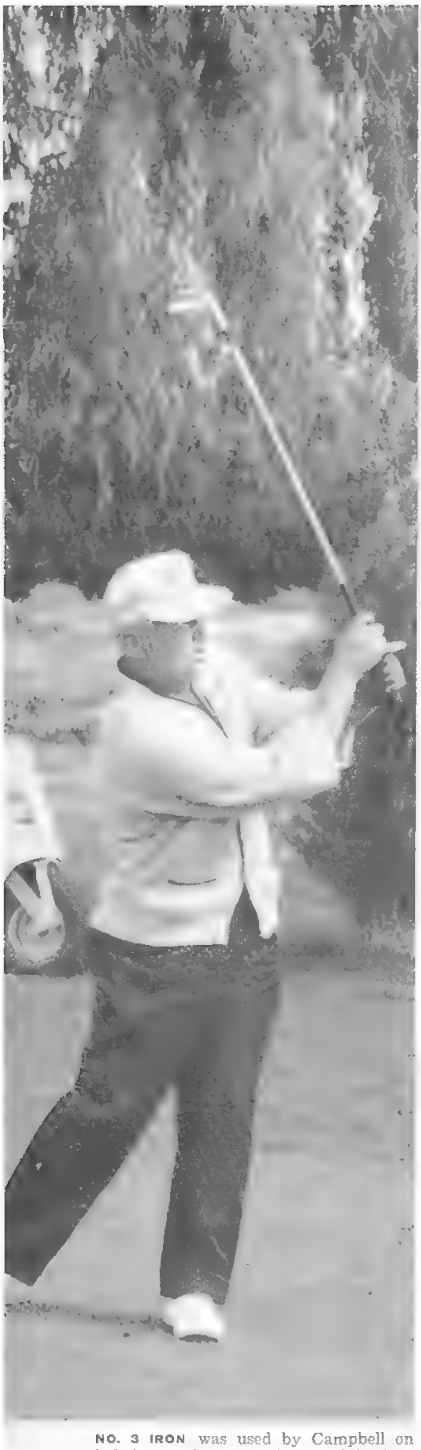
This strange turn of events, which saw the tournament degenerate into a benefit for Buddy Sullivan, came about, of course, as a result of what will doubtless become one of the famous golf shots of history, rivaling in its own wacky way Bobby Jones's putt in the 1929 Open or Gene Sarazen's double eagle in the 1935 Masters. Joe Campbell's hole in one was, like most holes in one, largely due to an error in his calculations. On the 205-yard fifth at Tamarisk on the third day of play, the Indiana-born pro underclubbed himself. He pulled out a two-iron, frowned and replaced it with a three.

It was not quite enough club but the shot rolled downhill toward the hole and in. The Hoosier's hot shot at once rang the bell at Lloyd's of London, which, for reasons known only to itself, had insured the tourney sponsors against this sort of disaster. The underwriters proved to have underclubbed themselves, too. The $50,000 policy cost Tournament President Milt Hicks and his staff only $4,800, a 9-1 bet that paid off.

If underwriters at Lloyd's London office had taken a closer look at the odds they might not have been so hasty about snapping up the policy at such a ridic-

continued

LITTLE CLUB'S big winners grin broadly after Campbell, wearing New York nightclub insignia, made $50,000 shot. Club Owner Billy Reed shares only in national publicity.



NO. 3 IRON was used by Campbell on hole-in-one shot. Here Campbell displays swing that brought $50,000 prize money.

ulously low fee. The chances against a duffer scoring an ace at one specific par-3 hole (aces are seldom made on the par 4s) range from 8,000 to 10,000 to 1. For the more skillful professionals, however, the actual odds, based on last year's harvest of 29 aces in 46 tournaments, shape up like this:

A given pro at a given hole	2,800 to 1
The pro during a given round	700 to 1
The pro during an entire 72-hole event	175 to 1
The field during a given round (based on an average of 110 pros per round)	13 to 2
The field during a 72-hole event	13 to 8
120 pros at Palm Springs (90 holes)	6 to 5

Campbell's shot also put a gloss on Sullivan's credit rating. Sullivan, who won only $92.68 on the tour last year and was doing even worse this year, might have crept through the annals of golf forever unnoticed if his crony, Joe Campbell, hadn't sent for a deck of cards a couple of nights before the tournament. Over a gin rummy game, Campbell, a considerably better golfer than fortune teller, was incautious enough to suggest to Buddy that they split their interest in the hole-in-one prize. If either made one, both shared. Sullivan, as it happened, never came close. In fact, he had a great deal of difficulty merely negotiating the course in par and struck off a hairy 290 for his four rounds, not even good enough to qualify for the final day. Campbell, after his bonanza, played steadier but indifferent golf and picked up an additional $572 for his 24th-place finish.

But when the man-swarm of press, officials and just plain curiosity-seekers descended by cart, helicopter auto and foot on Campbell after his hole in one, they learned even more of the complicated credit financing of today's golfers. Most of the information was volunteered by Joe's chatty, friendly little wife, Imogene, and as Imogene talked away, Joe began to look less and less lucky and the writers began to call on their fragile remembrance of mathematics.

Like most of the young players of today, the jaunty Campbell has a sponsor. In this case, it is Charles Faust of Knoxville, who encouraged Joe to set out on the pro swing and, in order to take the specter of possible poverty out of his ward's mind, he agreed to bank-roll him to the extent

NO. 5 HOLE at Tamarisk is 205-yard par 3. Campbell's ball landed on the front of the green, rolled downhill into the cup.

of $200 a week, with Joe to split all his on-course earnings over $10,000 with his sponsor.

Faust deposited $5,000 in a Knoxville bank for this purpose, but neither Joe nor his angel have had to dip into their capital, Campbell managing to stagger from meet to meet out of current earnings. Campbell's $25,000 cut will go into this account. He says that he and Faust will each pay taxes on $12,500. This presumes, of course, that Joe makes over $10,000 on the tour.

Joe does not have to share with his sponsor-partner any monies he gets from the golf firm he represents nor does he split the $250 a month he gets for being the only golfer on the tour playing out of a New York saloon—Billy Reed's Little Club (SI, Feb.8). Reed gets no share of any of Campbell's winnings.

While overshadowed by the financial adventures of Campbell and Sullivan, the Desert Classic itself was not entirely overlooked. The four courses used—Bermuda Dunes, Tamarisk, Indian Wells and Thunderbird—as expected offered only token resistance to the sharp onslaught of the practiced pros. Thunderbird has the reputation of being the fastest track, and this weekend it was. The pros sped across it on the final day like a field of fillies. The highest score brought in by the first 17 finishers was a 70.

But if the courses offered little resistance to the pros, the five rounds of the tournament proved grueling for the older members of the circuit. Johnny Palmer, 41, grizzled, swart and a tough attacker of a course, was able to stave off the younger set for four rounds, but Palmer had not played a tourney in six months and toward the end the strain proved too much. Arnold Palmer (no relation) and Fred Hawkins rushed past him on the fifth round.

Arnold Palmer, a broad-backed strong boy from Latrobe, Pa., who probably could play five rounds in one day if the price was right, won the 16th tournament of his brief career as a pro with a 67-73-67-66-65, 338. A former national amateur champion, Palmer increased his stature and his right to be considered one of the logical successors to Hogan, Nelson and Snead. He also showed off-course acumen when he picked Dow Finsterwald to split his potential hole-in-one money with.

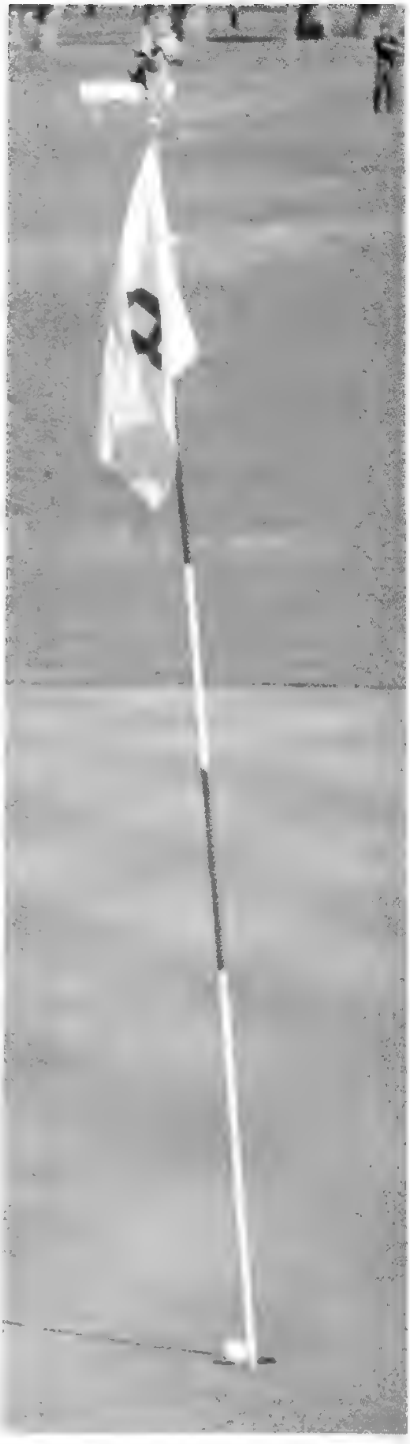
Only one stroke behind Johnny Palmer as the final round began, Arnold came out of the gate with a rush, birdie-ing the second, seventh and ninth holes. He birdied three more on the back nine, to win the tourney by three strokes. He almost cut another chunk off Joe Campbell's windfall by rimming the cup on the 203-yard 16th. Fred Hawkins, meanwhile, had his run and clawed his way to a 7-under round by the 17th but managed to run into trouble on the 18th, hitting two trees for a bogey. Al Besselink, his blond tresses as impeccable as ever, briefly threatened in the stretch, then fell back as he has done so often before when his putting failed to match his fairway game.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BOLT

Tommy Bolt, after a masterful 63 on a tougher course the day before, smashed his driver in a rage at his inability to break 70 on the Thunderbird. And a promising youngster, Wes Ellis, gained new respect for the rules of golf by failing to play or to declare unplayable a ball he lodged in the branches of a green-side tree. He played a provisional ball and was disqualified. It cost him an estimated $660, the difference between the $140 guarantee which all pros got for making the final round and what his score, 71, would have earned him. None of the pros questioned admitted that concentrating on the hole in one hurt his game. But observers felt that several of the also-rans got that way by hitting too chancy shots at tricky pin positions.

In general, the tourney proved once again that the desert courses, even lengthened, do not contain enough tests of golf for a dark horse to come out of the pack and overtake a front-runner. Even off his game, Johnny Palmer managed to salvage a 70, one under par. And Arnold Palmer said after he had won that one thing he liked about the five-round system was that it allowed him to overcome a "bad" round of 73.

Nevertheless, Palm Springs proposes to continue its 90-hole extravaganza and it fondly expects to become "the Masters of the West." It well may be, but not until its trees grow high enough to make golf in the 60s the exception rather than the rule. Whatever happens, it is doubtful that its inaugural will be remembered for anything but Campbell's hole in one. By Buddy Sullivan, at any rate. **END**



NO 1 MISS was made by Mike Souchak *(top right)* on second day at Thunderbird eighth hole when ball bounced off flag.

FATHER KNOWS BEST

Whack Hyder's paternal feeling for his players make Georgia Tech a basketball power

by JEREMIAH TAX

HYDER AND SON TOMMY, 9, LEAVE THE COURT AFTER VICTORY OVER N.C. STATE

GEORGIA TECH, an Atlanta institution celebrated for its fine schools of engineering, has had one of the 10 best basketball teams in the nation since the start of the current season. The team has now won 17 of 20 games, including victories over Duke and Louisville, has beaten Kentucky twice and is apparently on the way to Tech's first Southeastern Conference championship in 22 years. Since mid-December, Tech has played eight games before capacity crowds of 7,000 in its beautiful Alexander Memorial Coliseum, which was built three years ago solely for basketball.

All of this is a considerable shock to veteran fans everywhere, who still cling to the notion—once true enough—that Tech is strictly a football school. The notion is certainly reasonable. In the last decade alone, Tech has won six straight bowl games. This year's success in basketball, however, is hardly an accident. It is the result of a program begun in 1951 when Tech hired a new basketball coach, John Hyder, and decided to give him enough scholarships to enable him to recruit good players. The Tech engineering schools have always drawn excellent students from every state in the country; now the basketball team is attracting players from areas like Indiana and Kentucky, where the best are produced.

John Hyder is a tall, slim Georgian of diffident manner and conservative taste. He is known through the South as "Whack." ("There were eight of us kids," he explains in an accent as thick as sorghum molasses, "and we were all nicknamed by a favorite aunt. There's Den, Jim, Bunk, Whack, Rat, Jet, Snooks and Skeezix.") In the face of decades of apathy, Hyder has made basketball a truly major sport at his school.

In part, he has succeeded because he is a good basketball coach. But he is also a man of genuine warmth and generous spirit, who treats his players with the affection and trust of a father—and this is an incalculable asset in persuading the good high school players to come to Georgia Tech. It is instantly clear to the most cynical observer that Whack Hyder believes basketball to be an activity provided by the university for the benefit of the students and not to serve the ambitions of the coach.

This year at Christmas, Hyder sent each of his boys home for the holiday with a note. After the usual season's wishes, he wrote, "and be kind to everyone you meet on the way." Not a player felt that this was mere mawkish sentiment, and they reflect it in their behavior.

At the heart of Hyder's team this year are two exceptional athletes, two of the best college players in the nation—Dave Denton and Roger Kaiser. On court, both have that easy, thorough control of thought and action that is nearly always the mark of superior playing ability. Out of uniform, they are completely

continued

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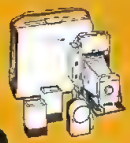

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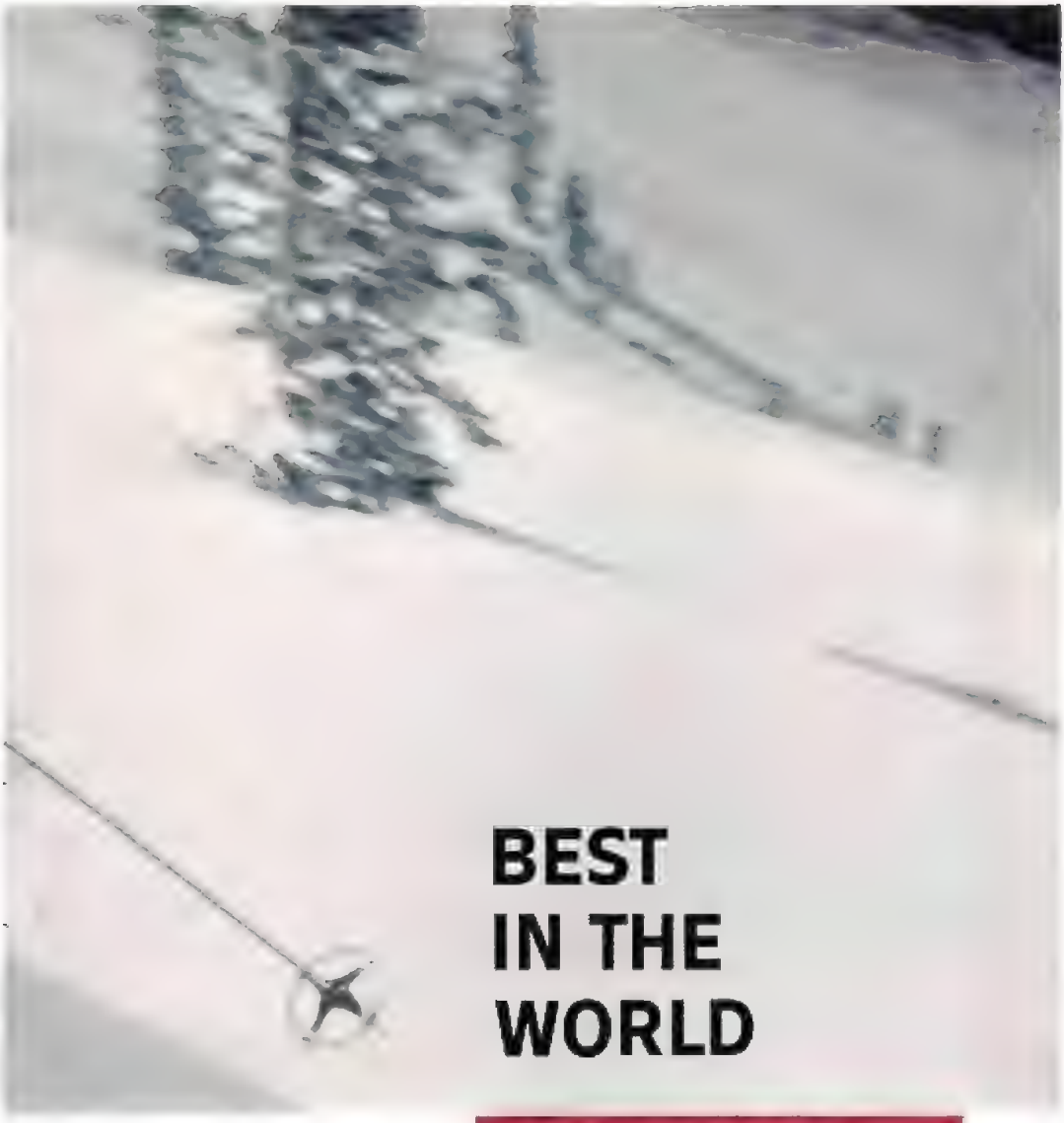

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different. Dave Denton is a pixyish, harum-scarum senior whose lighthearted approach to Tech's tough academic requirements has kept him ineligible for part of every season so far. He forgets classes and exams, even forgets to show up for pregame meals. In Lubbock, Texas this year, before a game with Texas Tech, Denton was missing when the team assembled in the hotel lobby. They found him, eventually, in one of the hotel's empty ballrooms, banging away happily at the piano, which he plays by ear with more enthusiasm than ability. In a game, however, he seldom forgets anything. He knows how to play with his teammates because he remembers exactly what they can and cannot do, and he remembers a rival's abilities, too. Only 6 feet 1½, he is his team's best rebounder and a reliable scorer, with extremely deceptive moves at close range. He is Tech's "Mr. Inside" to Roger Kaiser's "Mr. Outside."

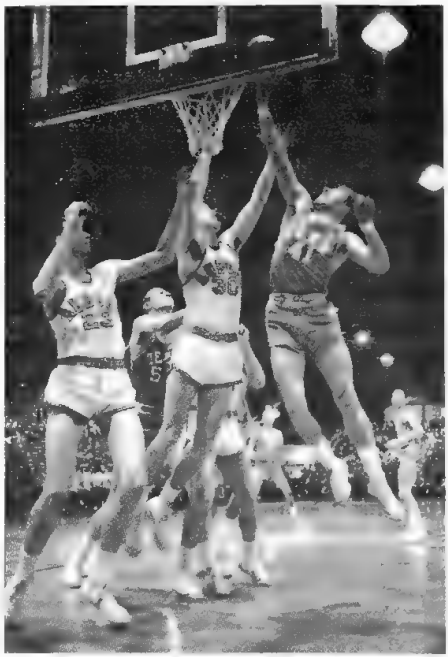
If Denton often tries Whack Hyder's patience, Kaiser is the answer to a coach's prayers. Raised in Indiana, where little boys dream of growing up to be basketball players and generally do, he is the soul of reliability, in or out of uniform. He controls the Tech team both as floor general and by the example of his own cool, imaginative play. He is also one of the very best outside shooters in college basketball, and he has a style startlingly similar to the Boston Celtics' Bill Sharman (as high a compliment as can be paid anyone). It is his particular skill, too, to come through with long-range baskets precisely at those times when Tech is being tightly defended in close. Against a scrambling North Carolina State defense this year, he hit six of seven field-goal attempts (and nine for nine free throws) and simply demoralized State. Last week, against Auburn, Tech was two points behind with three minutes to go to half time. Kaiser hit on three straight shots and the Bulldogs walked off the court four points ahead.

After Kaiser and Denton, there is a considerable falling-off in talent on this Tech team. At guard with Kaiser is speedy Bobby Dews, who gambles excessively at stealing the ball and is an erratic shooter. Center Jim Riley is tall enough (6 feet 7½) but lacks the aggressive instinct that forces a player like Denton relentlessly toward the basket. Riley takes less than a half dozen shots per game, is averaging only four points thus far—to Kaiser's 22. The fifth regular, tall, handsome Wayne Richards, makes many defensive and ball-handling errors but is the kind of player a coach keeps in a game because he never stops trying. The Tech bench is reasonably reliable, though short on size and muscle, and includes one hungry sophomore from a Kentucky farm named Josh Powell who eats a dozen eggs for breakfast.

The record this crew has achieved is easily as much a tribute to the coaching of Whack Hyder and the scouting of his assistant, Byron Gilbreath, as it is to individual player ability. Hyder teaches a sound, conservative ball-control game that automatically contributes to an athlete's self-discipline. Tech works the ball patiently for the good shot; it is Hyder's misfortune that only Kaiser and Denton can be expected, game after game, to turn the good shot into two points. At the same time, Hyder must fashion an offense that takes into account his team's most serious weakness; except for Denton, he has no reliable rebounder. Tech gets possession of the ball, after a missed shot, much less frequently than the opposing team, which means that it must convert possession into points at a much greater rate. In the first game with Kentucky this season, Kentucky had 20 more rebounds than Tech. This translates into 20 more opportunities to score, but Tech won 62–54. What happened was that Hyder's control tactics on offense forced the good shots, and his defense, based on good scouting, forced Kentucky into numerous errors. This has been the pattern in nearly all of Tech's victories this season. They have 62 fewer rebounds than all their opponents but they are averaging 11 points more per game.

In two games last week, against Auburn and Tulane, all of Tech's assets and handicaps were exposed. At the half, as noted, Georgia Tech led Auburn by four points, chiefly because it had actually outrebounded Auburn. During the intermission, Hyder toyed with the idea of playing a more free-shooting offense than he normally does, in the hope that his players would continue to control the rebounding. But he decided to stick to ball control, play very deliberately and protect his lead. It didn't work, Tech lost 48–45 and, though his players had unaccountably committed some atrocious errors, Hyder—typically—insisted that it was his strategy that caused the defeat. In the dressing room after the game he told his players: "You did just what I asked you to do. I don't know why I thought we would win that way but I did. . . . One thing more. You've shown you could win like champions. Now show people you can lose like champions."

LEAPING HIGHER than his inches-taller Auburn rivals, Tech's Dave Denton, with perfect timing, tries for tip-in.



Saturday, with Denton driving in strongly and Kaiser hitting from far out with his usual accuracy, Tech looked like a champion as it beat Tulane easily 74–55.

This Georgia Tech team is not going to win the NCAA championship this year; Roger Kaiser and Dave Denton are not enough. But don't bet that Whack Hyder won't pull it off in the next few seasons. **END**

Photographs by Hy Peskin

BOXING BOREDOM IS KNOCKED COLD

Two champions defended their titles the same night in a rare twin bill at Los Angeles. The result was a record gate, two superb fights and new hope for the sport

by MARTIN KANE

PRIZEFIGHTING's tired, infected blood received an invigorating tonic last week in Los Angeles when two champions in blooming health defended their titles in the Memorial Coliseum, knocked out their challengers in spectacular battles and enriched the sport with a proud showing of the skill and courage it was designed to foster.

The multi-title fight card was the first in the United States since 1937 —when Mike Jacobs audaciously presented in a single evening four championship bouts (bantam, welter, light and middleweight) and lost something like $37,000 on the venture. But Los Angeles promoters Cal and Aileen Eaton, who have shrewdly made their city the nation's fight capital, by no means lost on *their* gamble. They attracted a record California gate of $383,060 from 31,830 fans, surpassing their own previous high by $146,539.

The title defenses were by Bantam-

FLAT ON HIS BACK AFTER TAKING A POWERFUL LEFT HOOK FULL IN THE FACE FROM BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION JOSE BECERRA, EX-

weight Champion José Becerra of Mexico and Junior Welterweight Champion Carlos Ortiz of New York. Their opponents were as worthy as any a fight announcer ever grandly introduced. Becerra defended against Alphonse Halimi of Algiers, the skilled former champion who had lost his title on a surprising knockout by Becerra last July. Ortiz fought Raymundo (Battling) Torres of Mexico, a remarkable 18-year-old who had been undefeated in 31 fights, all but a few of which he won by knockouts.

Before Halimi and Torres were downed, a top-coated and to some extent sombreroed crowd, huddling in the open Coliseum under a frosty half-moon, went hoarse with excitement. Drunk more on furious fighting than on smuggled tequila (alcoholic beverages are not permitted in the municipally owned Coliseum), Latin-American fans crowed like roosters, sounded sirens and pounded good neighbors in an ecstasy of joy.

Either fight alone would have made any card a success. Taken together, they made this one a fight night to remember.

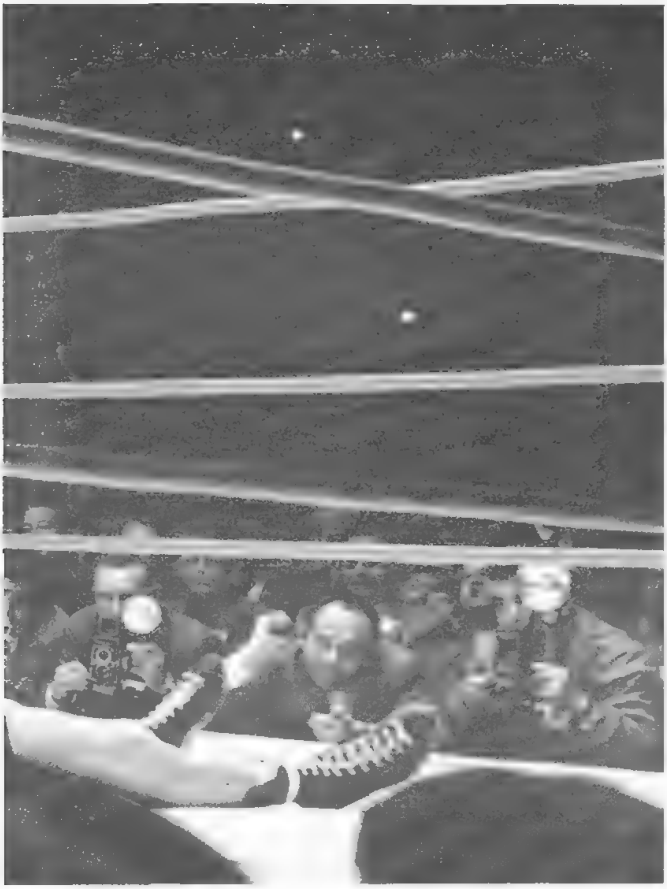
The underdog Halimi (3 to 1 against him by ring time) dominated the early rounds and was ahead on all official score cards when Becerra crunched the definitive hook against his chin in the ninth. The underdog Torres (Ortiz was a 7 to 5 favorite) astonishingly survived a score of punches that might have finished a lesser man and still was persistently trying for his own knockout in the 10th, when Ortiz at last blasted him down with a left-right combination.

VOLKSWAGEN AND TAMALES

The crowd was predominantly Mexican, drawn in part from Los Angeles' huge Latin population, in amazing part from Mexico itself. Airlines alone were reported to have ferried 5,000 into the U.S. Mexico is hungry for good fights but a solicitous government limits the price that may be charged for seats. The best fighters, therefore, are drawn to the U.S., where seat prices are unlimited. So Mexico's best fans traveled as many as 2,500 miles to Los Angeles to see Becerra and Torres in action. The day before the double-header a Volkswagen station wagon drew up before the box office and out of it crawled 17 cramped Mexican aficionados, each happily equipped to buy a $7.50 seat in the upper rows of the Coliseum. Adaptable concessionaires peddled tamales as well as hot dogs, and sold out the tamales before the hot dogs. The *Los Angeles Examiner*, caught up in the happy international spirit, gave its entire first page, headlines and all, to a forecast of the fights in Spanish. The tribulations of Carole and Dr. Finch, though their murder trial was reaching a climax, were committed to inside pages by the prestige of this more important news. At the weighin, which drew more spectators than some fights at Madison Square Garden, Becerra was serenaded by nine guitarists and a bull fiddler; they played and sang *Corrida de José Becerra*, composed in his honor after he won the title.

The promotion thus had the gay aspect of a fiesta, until the fights began.

CHAMPION ALPHONSE HALIMI IS COUNTED OUT BY REFEREE TOMMY HART IN NINTH



BECERRA THE STRONG

Becerra vs. Halimi preceded Ortiz vs. Torres. Becerra used his superior strength well against Halimi, forcing his way out of tight spots, boring into close quarters when Halimi sought to make it a stick-and-run affair. The Halimi jab, generally effective in staving off Becerra, often was nullified by a brutish rush. At such moments—when Becerra and Halimi stood head to head and slugged—Becerra was wild but impressively strong. Halimi, poised and efficient, was overpowered. In the end, power prevailed.

Despite a night chill that had steam blowing from the fighters' nostrils and rising off their sweaty shoulders, and induced Becerra to cover up with a quilted robe between rounds, neither man was slowed by the temperature.

Later there was some dispute as to what, if anything, set up the ninth-round knockout punch—whether it was a left to the liver, as Becerra insisted, or a right to the body, as

continued

MEXICAN HERO José Becerra, swathed in Indian blanket, is hailed at ringside by admirers in huge Los Angeles crowd after his knockout of former champion Halimi.

KNOCKED COLD *continued*

seen by Referee Tommy Hart. At ringside it appeared that no punch of special significance preceded the long left hook that Becerra swung grandly from somewhere behind his hips, a swing that stopped on Halimi's mouth and chin, sent him staggering back and, after a momentary pause, dropped him flat on the canvas for the full count. Minutes later, when he was finally led from the ring, Halimi walked groggily, unseeing, up the aisle.

Becerra's hard-won victory left him weeping through a shy smile as he was crowned with a magnificent sombrero and draped in an elegant Indian blanket. The first to win the undisputed bantam title for Mexico, he follows in a tradition of hard-punching Mexican fighters brought to brief prominence by the Eatons and by Matchmaker George Parnassus, but he is also the first of the lot to show signs of combining the big punch with some defensive skill.

IRISH PUERTO RICAN

The unfortunate Battling Torres, on the other hand, displayed only hardihood against right hands. He caught punches on his head in every round. Ortiz, the pale-faced, blond Puerto Rican who sports the green of New York's Fighting 69th on his robe and trunks and is known to his fans in that traditionally Irish regiment as "Charlie O'Brien," banged Torres with a straight overhand right whenever it seemed opportune, and opportunity knocked with monotonous frequency.

Not that the fight was monotonous. For one thing, every one of those Ortiz right hands was a gasper; and, though the fight was one-sided, all bettors on Ortiz were terrorized by the everpresent menace of Torres' fists, by his willingness to throw them at every chance, by the hazard that one of them would land with the timing needed for a knockout. But Ortiz shook the punches off, picked them off and continued to throw his own. The ninth round revealed that Torres was tiring, and the start of the 10th proved he could no longer absorb blows without obvious effect. Ortiz slammed home a paralyzing left and right. Torres fell, and the screaming Mexican partisans went suddenly silent. The title of junior welterweight champion is not, of course, worth much in itself. But Ortiz, conqueror of Kenny Lane, who had come within a point or two of beating Lightweight Champion Joe Brown, started a vigorous postfight campaign for a chance at Brown. Next day the Mexican caravan started homeward, happy that Becerra had retained his title, half-comforted that the double-title card had ended in a Mexican standoff.

•

At the invitation of the California boxing commission, recently resigned from the National Boxing Association in protest against NBA inadequacies, representatives of boxing commissions from Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Washington, New York and Oregon convened in Los Angeles the day after the fights to consider informally some suggestions for ridding boxing of hoodlums and for developing an efficient national body to rule the sport.

The most original proposal came from Miles Rubin, deputy attorney general of California, who suggested that the principle of "interstate compacts" might be used to regulate boxing. Under this system, for instance, New York and New Jersey established the Port of New York Authority to regulate transportation systems between the states. An interstate authority regulating boxing might obviate the need for federal regulation and, if adopted by enough states, could prevent suspended managers and fighters from obtaining new licenses simply by moving from the state that suspended them.

Jack Bonomi, assistant counsel to Senator Kefauver's committee investigating boxing's monopolist-racketeers, urged more stringent licensing standards, pointing out that commission regulations do not now adequately define the functions of managers, matchmakers and promoters. He advocated enactment of laws to provide criminal penalties for undercover matchmaking and promoting. Present statutes in some states, he said, are so vague as to be almost unenforceable. Bonomi also suggested the possibility of federal licensing of participants in "interstate" matches—those involving television, movies, closed-circuit TV and radio—the big-money matches the racketeers are interested in. Under such a licensing provision, he said, it would be possible to enlist the facilities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

But the seminar adjourned *sine die* and, it seemed, *sine* hope. Most of the representatives confessed that they had neither the funds nor the investigative personnel to keep track of hidden hoodlum influence. **END**

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Olympic Weather Program

ALTHOUGH rain, better than half a foot of it, was schussing down the slopes of Squaw Valley early this week a "significant snowfall" will filter over the site of the Winter Olympics on Sunday, February 14. The snow will continue, off and on, until Thursday when the Games will open under sparkling, ice-blue skies. Good weather will hold for five more days, but on the 23rd, look out: another "significant snowfall" will sweep the valley.

So, anyway, pronounces Dr. Irving Parkhurst Krick, a private-practice meteorologist who specializes in the long look and the big picture. And if his Olympic predictions miss the mark here and there (he did not foresee this week's rain), little wonder. Dr. Krick made them two years ago.

A garrulous, positive-thinking man of 53, Meteorologist Krick has been gambling on the weather-to-be for 30 years. Because of his methods, however, U.S. Government weathermen consider him all wet. Dr. Krick answers drily that these weathermen, who determine tomorrow's weather from observable forces today, are obsolete. "I base my forecasts on historical precedents," says Krick, and weather, like history, repeats itself. On this basis, Krick has developed an international business of weather forecasting and weather research.

The Olympic Organizing Committee became a Krick customer in January 1958. His predictions, which he donated, were used to schedule the Games, and the committee followed his advice except in one particular. Krick contended then, as he still does, that the first two weeks of March would have better weather "spectatorwise." But, he was bound to admit, some thawing could be expected too, and that wouldn't be so hot skierwise.

The Friendly Persuader

SHOPPING for a new football coach is something like shopping for a new preacher: the school must decide whether its cause will be better served by the hellfire-and-damnation line or by friendly persuasion toward the good life. To West Coast sportswriters the University of California's responsibility was clear: as a replacement for the mild-mannered Pete Elliott who resigned in December after a sinfully unspectacular season, Cal needed an iron-fisted orator in the pulpit. And the best man for that, the press has been insisting for two months, was ex-Navy coach Eddie Erdelatz—hard-bitten, hard-driving and available.

Cal officials listened, they even interviewed Erdelatz, but they did not buy. Pete Elliott's successor, they announced last week, would be Marvin Daniel Levy. The writers, the students and the alumni almost swooned dead away. Not only had Erdelatz been outrageously passed by, but nobody had the foggiest idea who Marvin Daniel Levy was.

Levy, reminiscent of the departed Pete Elliott, is a pleasant man of 34 from Chicago. He is a Phi Beta Kappa from Iowa's Coe College, second in his class of 200. He is an M.A. from Harvard (probably unique among football coaches, he studied U.S. intellectual history under Arthur Schlesinger Jr.). He has coached two winning years at St. Louis' fancy Country Day School, three years at Coe, four years at the University of New Mexico. In 1958, his first year as head coach at UNM, he was named Skyline Conference Coach of the Year. Levy also has a philosophy about football almost as unheard of these days as himself: "The first and foremost reason the game is played," he says, "is for fun."

Says Cal Athletic Director Greg Englehard: "It all adds up to a real fine gentleman who can inspire our students and produce a fine team."

Prohibit Sunday Drivers

LIKE that fellow who used to live in a house by the side of the road, State Assemblyman Charles T. Eckstein of New York's Queens County wants only to be a friend to the men who travel that road. It was for their sake, in fact, that he introduced a bill last January, whose intent was to ban autos drawing boats on trailers from the state's highways on weekends. In the assemblyman's own words, "95% of the state's motorists want to go out and enjoy themselves on weekends, but instead have to trail along the roads after these people."

continued

They Said It

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JOHN KENNEDY, *on why he has temporarily given up skiing: "My own profession is hazardous enough."*

ADOLPH RUPP, *Kentucky basketball coach, debating a rule interpretation with a referee who doubles as a state senator: "Mr. Senator, you can appropriate $73 million to build highways, but you can't even recognize a traveling violation when you see it."*

HANK AARON, *Milwaukee Brave outfielder, hearing Manager Chuck Dressen might shift him to second base: "I'll be glad to play second if he'll play third."*

Having introduced his bill, Assemblyman Eckstein, a man who dreams of one day owning a boat himself, sat back to wait for man—motoring man, anyway—to hail him as friend. Instead, the first mention of the bill in an upstate, inland newspaper brought a flood of angry condemnation and not a single word of support. The sense of voter disapproval was so sharp, in fact, that the bill was promptly killed dead as a dodo in committee, and Eckstein himself delivered a merciful death blow to another bill he was working on—to bar house trailers from the highways from Friday to Monday in the summers.

As motoring members of that "95% who want to enjoy themselves," we cannot help but regret the assemblyman's surrender, for with any encouragement at all his legislation might have proved an instrument as effective in sweeping the highways clean of weekend pests as the wire brushes he manufactures are in sweeping rust from ancient boilers.

Having rid the Sunday highways of yachtsmen and vacationers, Assemblyman Eckstein might have gone on to introduce bills barring little old ladies on their way to visit with the children, hot shots in red sports cars who consider it effete to drive in one lane and prefer the slalom route, conservative family heads in overloaded two-door sedans who believe the safest way is to go 10 mph below the speed limit in the fast lane and all cream-colored convertibles whose two passengers have become so deeply involved in romance that neither remembers who is driving.

With these menaces to safety and enjoyment banished by law, Assemblyman Eckstein might have proceeded to work on more and still more

legislation until the highways were swept absolutely clean of all Sunday drivers. Then he and we and all of those poor souls who want only to enjoy themselves might at last be able to load the kids and granny into the red sports car, hitch up the trailer and head for the water without a care.

Who Sprung Cock Robin?

THE EUROPEAN ROBIN is a bird of a different feather from the American robin. It is quite small—about the size of a bluebird. Its celebrated breast is actually rather orange. It is vastly truculent and therefore never flocks together. Since European robins hardly ever sojourn abroad, bird watchers could not believe their binoculars when one turned up at a feeding station in West Cornwall, Conn. last week. Nor could they readily explain how it got there. Opinion was it had hitchhiked over on a ship's rigging.

No, said James H. Van Alen, the Newport sportsman, it most certainly had not. The robin, he said, had been flown over in an airplane from Belgium. In fact, it was one of three he had released in Newport in 1958. "It was all quite winsome," Van Alen recalls. "I should have put bands on their legs, but I was feeling very sorry that particular day. It was autumn. I said, 'Goodby, little robins.' 'Goodby,' they said."

Van Alen's devotion to the European robin, which he calls "the most delicate, charming and fearless little garden bird in the world," harks back to two children's verses which have European robins as major characters —*The Death and Burial of Cock Robin* and *The Babes in the Wood*—to his four years at Cambridge and to two birds which sang one summer in a garden in Surrey. "It was quite a big garden," Van Alen says. "Since they have no truck with each other whatsoever usually there is only *one* robin to a garden."

Van Alen has for years brooded about introducing European robins to the United States. In 1957 he stopped brooding and had some trapped in Belgium, but only three of 19 survived the transatlantic trip. "They were very poorly packed," says Van Alen. He had better luck next time. Nine of 14 survived.

"I dedicated a Robin Room in the basement of my Washington home," says Van Alen, "and put them up there so I could have little ones." But no little ones were forthcoming. "It's practically impossible to tell the difference between the males and the females," he claims. "I spent many hours studying them. An ornithologist from the zoo and a man from the Smithsonian came over to take a look, too, but no very fixed

conclusions were reached. Eventually we got nowhere."

"Mr. Van Alen got nowhere," says Dr. William Dilger of Cornell, when advised of Van Alen's quandary, "because very likely all he had were males. The European robin is very strongly sexually dimorphic."

Van Alen gave away what birds had not perished or escaped before releasing the last three. But he remains undaunted. Last week he was in Washington buttonholing the Greek and Italian ambassadors about importing several hundred more which he hopes to set free in lots of 20s. "I've had no cooperation from Italy in the past," Van Alen admits. "Some American journalist wrote that Italians catch little robins and eat them."

The National Audubon Society is not likely to help either. "On principle," says their Mr. Roland Clement, "we are against the introduction of any exotics. We will not encourage it. We will frown on it. We already have a most fascinating fauna."

Time for Bridge

FOUR Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity brothers from the University of New Mexico sat down to play bridge in the ballroom of Albuquerque's Alvarado Hotel last week. They played and played and played and played.

After 24 hours Jim Brown, 20, said his eyes felt tired. After 62 hours Sam Gray Jr., 21, said he couldn't remember the rules. After 69 hours Jack Fink, 20, asked where his cards were—he was holding them. After 73 hours Terry Duffy, 21, said he

couldn't play because he kept seeing a body lying on the table.

At 75 hours the game broke up. Pi Kappa Alpha claimed a world marathon bridge record. "I'm a Pi Kappa Alpha and I like my Haig & Haig," proudly sang a crowd of kibitzing fraternity brothers. Said the chapter president, Neil Frumkin: "Any university can stuff a telephone booth."

Inspiration in Ohio

BOB WHITE, a 167-pound freshman at Ohio Wesleyan University, had not displayed enough ferocity or ability to make the wrestling squad's first team. Then he learned that his home-town girl friend was dating a 177-pound wrestler from nearby Capital University.

"Just let me at him," pleaded White the week of the Ohio Wesleyan vs. Capital wrestling matches, and Coach Ray Leech did. White fell upon his heavier opponent, got a match-winning hold, walked out of the gym with his girl on his arm.

"An inspired athlete," said Coach Leech.

"A hundred and thirty-two again! Guess I'm just not living right."

How To Try Too Hard

POLISH BORN Jan Mieczkowski, better known as John Macy, is one of this country's fastest distance runners. Since his emigration via West Germany in 1956 he has won six U.S. titles at distances from 3,000 meters to six miles. Now enrolled at the University of Houston, Macy would be proud to run for the U.S. in the Rome Olympics, and the U.S., faced with its traditional shortage of good distance runners, would be equally proud to have him run. Unfortunately, there is a hitch. To be eligible for the U.S. Olympic team, Macy must be a U.S. citizen, and he will not fulfill the five-year residency requirement of the naturalization law until a few months after the 1960 Olympics come to an end.

That, ordinarily, would be that. But last year Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, a pretty fair expediter, submitted a bill to speed Macy's citizenship. The Texas Senator reasoned that Macy, his constituent-to-be, had a special argument for getting his final papers earlier than usual, *i.e.*, the Olympics. The Senate easily agreed and passed the bill last May. Next it went to the House Judiciary Committee, which slid the bill along to its subcommittee on immigration, where it stumbled for the first time.

"We just can't do this," said the subcommittee chairman, Congressman Francis Walter of Pennsylvania, who argued that if Congress makes exceptions of this sort the U.S. is open to Communist charges of decadence and of bootlegging its athletes from behind the Iron Curtain. "I will use every effort to block its approval."

Last week Walter's group sent the bill back to the main committee with a recommendation that John Macy be required to wait out his naturalization period like anybody else.

Similar bills have been offered in behalf of other foreign-born athletes. Senator Barry M. Goldwater of Arizona wants Congress to waive the rule for two Hungarian-born gymnasts. Congressman Charles Gubser of California has appealed for two Hungarian-born fencers, Congressman Seymour Halpern of New York for a third. Like the bill for John Macy, they all involve questions of individual merits, hopes and aspirations. Some of these athletes, because of age, may never again have a chance for Olympic competition after the Games of 1960. If these athletes were made eligible through speedy naturalization American chances of "winning" the Olympics would be improved. But the bills raise other questions for Americans.

Russian jibes about the "bootlegging" of athletes? Those would hardly cut very deep. But the tradition that the Olympic Games are to be conducted without political considerations—and that no nation should seek to "win" the games as a nation? That idea is more pertinent. In the field of sport, it is possible for the U.S. to try *too* hard. **END**

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHITEWASHING HIMSELF

I KNOW I could be censured for permitting a situation to exist in which the Carbos and others hung around. But let's level. What would you or anybody else do, if you were in my position and faced with the problem of making honest fights?" Thus James D. Norris applied broad strokes of whitewash to himself last week in the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

For 10 years as the boss of U.S. boxing, he says, he waged an obsessive crusade to "keep fights on the level." To do it, he felt he had to choose between fighting the established racketeers of boxing or doing business with them. Norris did business, but not on the level.

The *Sun-Times* called the interviews "a story that has never been told before." Actually the story Chicago readers got was full of Norris' self-serving hokum. *Viz.*: ". . . after attending a series of schools, he was graduated from Colgate University, a kissin' cousin to the Ivy League schools." Norris never even attended Colgate. But this sanitary version of the life and times of James D. Norris was not intended for the readers of the *Sun-Times* alone. The Kefauver Committee is due to call him as a witness in its boxing hearing a few weeks from now, and Norris needs a little prehearing sanitizing.

"I suppose I also should be censured for this approach to the great problems I encountered," Norris continues. "But I feel the ends justified the means." The means was Frankie Carbo, who was already in boxing "when I got there." Carbo is now serving a two-year prison sentence for undercover managing and matchmaking but, until the law caught up with Frankie, Norris used him to "police" boxing.

"Carbo was in the position to hear about an effort to fix a fight because of his broad acquaintance in the field," Norris says. "I told Mr. Carbo: 'The first time I hear about a fight that doesn't smell right, that will be the day I pull out of boxing.'"

In tones of nostalgia Norris adds: "You know, Carbo and some of the other controversial individuals in boxing helped people through the years." "Controversial individuals" is a Norris euphemism for men with criminal records, such as Frank (Blinky) Palermo, Sam (Golf Bag) Hunt and Eddie Coco.

When Coco was arrested for killing a Miami Beach car washer, Norris wrote a glowing character reference for him. "A lot of pressure was on me to write a letter," Norris explains. "If I didn't I would alienate others in that cliquish group involved in boxing to which he belonged. The word would get around: Rich James Norris, the prude, wouldn't help out a member of the fraternity."

When Golf Bag Hunt, Al Capone's old bodyguard-chauffeur died, Norris went to his funeral, he says. "I didn't care how it would look. I loved that little guy."

The *Sun-Times* got its "exclusive" after Reporter Art Petacque let it be known around Chicago that he wanted to speak with Norris. One day, Petacque says, his phone rang. "This is Jim Norris," said the caller, "I understand you have been making an effort to talk to me."

New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan has been making an effort to talk to Norris for several years. He wanted him to tell a grand jury what he knows about boxing, but Norris avoided the witness chair when a physician certified his heart was unable to stand the strain of the real story. It isn't too late, though. District Attorney Hogan would like it to be known around that he would still like to get Norris' story. Mr. Hogan's office telephone number is REctor 2-7300. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN ON THE TERRACE OF THE CARIBE HILTON, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

A foolproof guide for making rum sours

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who were taught at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico)

THE photographer snapped us just as we were tasting our first Puerto Rican rum sour. Frankly, the rum sour surprised us. We knew about the ordinary sour. Sometimes good. Sometimes humdrum. But the rum sour is a different kettle of sunshine. The only secret is that wonderfully different white Puerto Rican rum. "Light as laughter. Dry as wit," as the advertisements say.

A Puerto Rican rum sour is a breeze to make. You mix the juice of one lemon, a teaspoon of sugar and two ounces of Puerto Rican rum. Shake well with ice and strain into a sour glass. Add a cherry and crown it with an orange slice.

Neglect the orange slice if you like, but don't *ever* neglect to make your sour with the brilliant rum from Puerto Rico.

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LED BY FIVE TOP QUALIFYING VALIANTS, COMPACTS SWARM INTO HIGH BANK DURING PACE LAP BEFORE SECOND RACE AT DAYTONA

Hail the Valiant king

Chrysler's entry in the compact field was just a handsome little auto until it got its "power pack." Then at Daytona its cubic inches began to pay big dividends

THROUGH the courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Chrysler Corporation a week ago Sunday enjoyed a revenge sweeter, almost, than profits. For its nationally telecast sports spectacular, CBS trained its cameras on Bill France's Daytona International Speedway. There seven Chrysler Valiants simply ran away and hid from all the other compacts in the race.

To those who keep themselves posted on such matters, Valiant's strong showing came as no surprise. It has long been apparent that once the Valiant was properly prepared for stock-car racing it had to beat the tar out of Corvair and Falcon. After all, its engine is roughly 20% larger than those of the other two cars. Two months ago at Sebring, Valiant was just a handsome little car. At Daytona it became king of the compacts.

The story behind the transformation can be summed up in a single phrase—"power pack." At a rough guess, 99.5% of the motoring public has no notion of what a power pack is, nor does it need one. Well, it is a factory kit, which, in the case of the Valiant, costs $403.30 at the factory list price and adds perhaps 25 mph to the top speed of the car. The kit contains such things as a racing camshaft, a four-barrel carburetor, a special exhaust system and other accessories that would bring nothing but grief to the city or suburban driver.

The power pack is provided by all manufacturers in the low- and medium-priced field that indulge in stock-car racing. With it, their cars can make a decent showing on the race track and still qualify as "stock." Since Corvair and Falcon were in production months ahead of Valiant, their power packs were ready for Denver and Sebring, but the Valiants couldn't get theirs until Daytona.

Although the Big Three of Detroit still adhere to the letter of their 1957 agreement to de-emphasize speed, all of them to date have shown a distinct interest in compact racing. Representatives from Chrysler were on hand at Daytona. They helped persuade one of the South's best mechanics, Red Vogt, to work on a Valiant owned by Daytona Chrysler-Plymouth dealer W. Brewster Shaw and driven by Marvin Panch, a top NASCAR driver. The Panch-driven car led all the other Valiants.

The way Red Vogt puts it, "Speed in racing is simply a matter of cubic inches. If you have more cubic inches and do to them the same thing you do to less cubic inches, you're gonna have more horsepower." The Valiant has 170 cu. in., the Falcon has 144 cu. in. and the Corvair has 140 cu. in. in piston displacement. It stands to reason that Panch's compact was faster than either of the other compact brands—over both the 10 laps of the 3.8-mile road-racing course (the one shown on TV) and the 50-mile event staged later on Daytona's high-speed oval, where Panch turned one 2.5-mile lap at an impressive 128.54 mph.

That the Panch-driven Valiant was able to dominate the other Valiants was due partly to superb driving and partly to luck. In the race over the road course Panch won solely on merit, taking the lead at the start and holding it all the way. Before the second race, Vogt was still putting gas in Panch's car when the race started, leaving Panch a half lap behind. He caught the other Valiants only because of a four-car pile-up of the leaders on one of the steeply banked turns at the end of the oval. While the yellow light was on, Panch closed enough ground to put him within striking distance of the leaders.

The races proved the obvious. The Valiant, with its larger motor, will beat the other six-cylinder compacts when they are comparably tailored for racing. But, against the Lark and Rambler eight-cylinder compacts, the results will be different. Unfortunately, the limitations placed on the Daytona race kept both models on the sidelines. **END**

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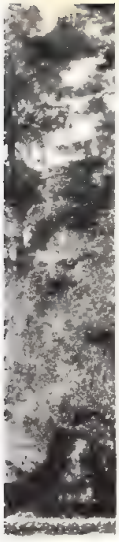

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The *look* of an Imperial will very likely change from time to time . . . but its *style* will never be measured by the calendar.

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AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

The long drift to Acapulco

The wind was here, there or nowhere, but 'Pursuit' found enough to win it all

OCEAN RACING is a matter of compensations. Sometimes it is mostly good, and the compensation is victory. Sometimes it is mostly bad, and the real joy is solely that it finally ends. These thoughts were very much in my mind a fortnight ago as I prepared to join the crew of *Nam Sang* for my second Pacific race, the run from San Diego to Acapulco. In prospect, this coastwise slant to the south and east seemed likely to be as different from the sleigh ride to Honolulu as two phases of the same sport could be. The latter was a westward passage across open ocean, riding the steady winds of a relatively fixed high-pressure system. There are no such probabilities on the San Diego-Acapulco run. Anything in the way of wind—or lack of it—may be expected. The meteorologists predicted that we might at first get strong northerlies, from cold fronts originating in the Aleutian weather factory. But they quickly warned that for most of the distance it might be necessary to depend on thermal currents, winds which flow from the cold land to warm ocean by night, reversing during the day as the sun heats the shore.

The start was inauspicious. At the signal, hardly a vessel had more than bare steerageway. But by nightfall we were running down the coast with a breeze that struck in before sunset. I began my log with a feeling of confidence:

Monday, January 18 All day we have slid along under spinnaker to a light sea breeze, the wind shifting westward as the sun rose. Our night ride close to shore paid off. *Nam Sang* is now second in the fleet, astern only of *Pursuit*, one of the two class M sloops sailing the race. At 83 feet over-all, they are the closest things afloat to the giant J boats which formerly raced for the America's Cup. It is a foregone conclusion one of them will be first to finish, and despite huge handicaps they should be hard to beat even on corrected time if anticipated conditions prevail. In size, the 37-vessel fleet ranges from the 89-foot ketch *Novia Del Mar* to the 32-foot sloop *Risque*. Some of our Honolulu Race competitors are back, such as *Escapade*, *Kamalii*, *Kialoa* and *Patronilla*, but added are such good boats as *Legend*, Transpac winner in 1957, and *Carousel*, a 40-foot sloop which has been first in both the Acapulco and Ensenada events.

Already I can see that luck will play a large part in determining the outcome. Various boats are certain to get slants of breeze while others sit becalmed, waiting for their numbers to come up in the great celestial lottery, to take off with a rattle of winch pawls and a ringing of verbal bells as the crew optimistically exults: "This time, this is it."

Wednesday, January 20 Two things landsmen do not realize about sailing long races are that light, fluky conditions are harder on a crew than heavy winds, as there are more changes of sails and trim, and that after a while sleepiness can become a form of torture. It seems that for countless hours I have not been off my feet during watches on deck, and now tiredness is compounded by spending part of my watch below helping Bruce Hutchins resew the clew of the drifter, pulled out as this breeze freshened. My judgment as watch captain was at fault; I was reluctant to slow the boat by changing to a less efficient headsail, and the light nylon let go along the stitching about two feet ahead of the cringle. As chief architect of the disaster it was up to me to do my best at repair, although by temperament and experience I am better at disintegrating than creating sails. Credit for returning the drifter to service must go to Bruce Hutchins and to Frank Atkinson, our capable rigger and masthead man.

Thursday, January 21 After a day's run of 136 miles *Nam Sang* is off

continued

"PURSUIT'S" HOWARD AHMANSON SIPS FROM THE VICTORY BOWL WITH FRIENDS

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Cape San Lazaro, more than halfway down the peninsula of Baja California. The watch has shed flannels and soaks up the sun clad in shorts. We have ghosted past giant turtles sunning on the surface and seen the dark triangles of manta rays beneath. Water snakes wriggle away from the bow, huge schools of porpoises give spectacular exhibitions of steeplechase jumping, a big hammerhead shark nosed the remains of breakfast, and Bill Crawford and I watched a marlin make an even dozen leaps clear of the water, falling back each time with a tremendous flurry. It is a wild and intriguing part of the world, one of the last areas near population centers to remain untouched, perfect for cruising.

But it is giving us a hard time racing. Watchmate Ben Collins agrees he has never experienced such frustration trying to keep a boat moving. No wind seems to last. By the time sails and trim are adjusted to one set of conditions, these no longer exist. Even the thermal winds seem to be off duty; we have moved mostly at night and remain always on the port tack.

Saturday, January 23 *Nam Sang* lies off another cape of Baja California, this one San Lucas, the extreme southern tip of the peninsula. Offshore steep pinnacles cluster like hungry teeth, a graveyard of ships through the centuries. I am afraid it will be a graveyard of our racing hopes too, as we have come to a halt. Yesterday, by the calculation of the race committee member accompanying the fleet, *Nam Sang* stood first in class and second over-all to *Carousel*, leader of class C. *Pursuit* was only 35 miles ahead, while *Barlovento* was in sight. With almost exactly half the race sailed, we seemed in wonderful shape. At 7 o'clock in the morning, Navigator Carl Stewart told me to note the bearing in the log when Cape San Lucas came abeam, a matter of a few hours as we slid along at almost seven knots. But it didn't come abeam on that watch. Nor the next, nor the next. Through the day and night we bobbed to the gentlest of northwest swells meeting a short easterly sea coming from the Gulf of California, canceling the benefit of occasional cat's-paws of breeze. We suffered in the immemorial manner of ocean racers gone flat. And at noon today by radio, we learned the sad truth: *Pursuit* is now 170 miles ahead, while *Santana*, *Kialoa* and *Carousel* have gained more than a degree of latitude to be barely out of sight over the horizon astern. Poor *Nam Sang* has had the double whammy: not just the accordion effect of the fleet closing the gap from behind, but the added blow of having the leader jet out in front.

Monday, January 25 Have been moving since midnight, first picking up under the drifter to 1.5 knots, then setting the light spinnaker and edging gradually to four knots. Since dawn we have had a bit fresher slant from the northeast, a cooler wind spilling out of the Gulf of California. This afternoon it pushed us along at a solid 6.5 on the Kenyon. It is an unspeakable relief to be moving again, but the damage has been done. On yesterday's report we have slumped to fourth in class and 19th in fleet. *Pursuit* is now a fantastic 311 miles ahead, and even our erstwhile playmate *Barlovento* is 187 miles over the horizon. Meanwhile, we are running neck and neck with a new group, yesterday morning sighting the sails of *Santana*, *Kialoa* and *Carousel*. As the latter are of class B and C respectively, they are sailing a splendid race.

Under the circumstances, I greatly admire our skipper, Bob Robbs. He is a keen competitor yet maintains unruffled good humor despite our bad break, and *Nam Sang* remains a happy ship. Meanwhile, I confess second thoughts about the use of radio, a major point of difference between East and West Coast yachting. Corrected time standings for each boat in class and fleet are broadcast daily. Personally, I prefer learning the truth after finishing from a bulletin board adjacent to the host club bar, where painkilling remedies may be applied without delay.

Tuesday, January 26 Believe it or not, but this afternoon we are having a ride reminiscent of the Molokai channel. For the first time in the passage there is enough wind to raise the spinnaker pole the full extent of the track, and now the huge nylon bubble rides high and round, its red top a wonderful contrast to the blue sky above. Roll and go, a glorious sail, always the compensation in ocean racing. As Carl Stewart said after lunch, "When you're moving it's like Benzedrine; you don't even want to sleep." The day's run was 174 miles, our best, and we have covered a total distance of 1,082 miles since the start. During the past 24 hours we even improved our standing in class and fleet, moving up to fourth and 14th. *Carousel* has worked back to first on corrected time, despite the fact that *Pursuit* is now within 200 miles of the finish.

Wednesday, January 27 At 7 a.m. we were 15 miles from Point San Telmo, 236 miles from Acapulco, and just to give us a bit of everything we now have the wind dead on the nose. During the night the breeze chopped ahead almost eight points to put us aback. We managed to trim to the new beam slant, but at 0300 another shift made it necessary for the starboard watch to change from spinnaker to drifter. Crazy!

Thursday, January 28 During the 24 hours ending at noon *Nam Sang* made good only 42 miles, the worst day's run in my ocean-racing experience. *Pursuit* finished at 4:02 yesterday afternoon, with the tailender *Sea Song II* only 873 miles out of San Diego—a spread of almost 600 miles in the fleet, practically the entire distance of the Bermuda Race. Already Bob has decreed water rationing for *Nam Sang*. Shades of windless wind ships of yore!

Friday, January 29 We are truly on the homestretch, 70 miles from Acapulco, with the wind steadily freshening on the quarter. Again the spinnaker rides high and round while tumbling water flows astern. We parallel an unbroken sand beach barely outside the line of surf, looking through binoculars at miles of waving palms.

It is dark when we cross the finish line, and *Nam Sang* receives a Latin welcome to remember: guns booming from the hill, rockets flaring across the sky, a cluster of escorting spectator boats sounding horns and sirens.

When *Nam Sang* finished, third across the line, *Santana*, *Kialoa* and *Carousel* were not many miles behind. *Pursuit* and *Barlovento* were already at the dock. Gallantly Ash Bown and a crack crew of small-boat sailors strove to keep *Carousel* moving in a dying breeze, finally losing to *Pursuit* for first in fleet by one hour 45 minutes 5.4 seconds, although winning class C by a good margin. *Pursuit*, which never dropped below four knots behind Cape San Lucas, thus earned for Howard Ahmanson and his crew a clean sweep—first to finish, first class A, first over-all. **END**

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Tip from the Top

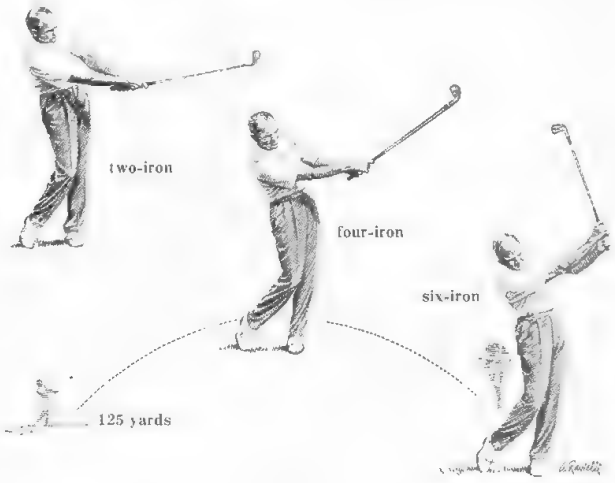
BOB WATSON, *Fairview CC, Elmsford, N.Y.*

Developing touch and control

GOLFERS tend to confuse touch with control. They use the two words *as though they were interchangeable, which, of course, they are not.* Unless you have touch, or feel, as it is sometimes called, you cannot have control. That is the kernel of it.

I was lucky enough to have started playing golf when I was young, and learned the feel of golf shots then. A group of us kids would go out and play a triangle of holes with just one club. We would do everything with it—hit the ball high and low, run shots or stop them with backspin. The next time out we would do the same thing with another club. We didn't realize it then, but we were getting a marvelous education in the uses of clubs. People learning to play today generally are equipped with a club for each distinct shot. They hit the ball full each time, but that is the trouble with their game. They can only hit the ball full.

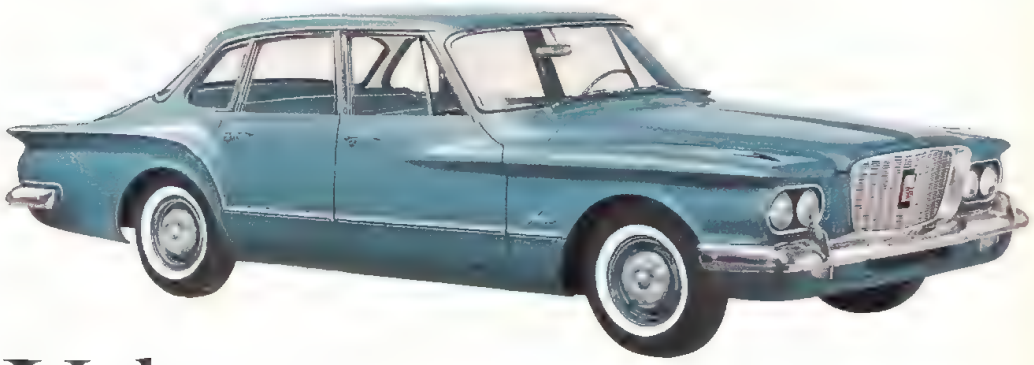
To acquire touch, I advise that you go back to where I began and practice playing with a single club. You can play several holes with the club. Or you might try the practice fairway. Select a target down the fairway —say 50 to 125 yards away. Then hit balls at it until you feel you have mastered the club. You might try a long iron at first. Go to a higher iron after that. You will find as you go through the irons that you will have to do a lot of gripping up and down the shaft, that you will be opening and closing your stance and lengthening and shortening your swing. Eventually you will find yourself instinctively hitting balls with the right spin and height and length. These are the elements of control.



NEXT TIP: *Phil Taylor on stepping on the spot*

BUY IT BY THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS

Behind the wheel, that's the place to buy Valiant. You'll feel real skedaddle (101 horses worth) from an *inclined* engine that stretches regular gas like rubber bands. You'll feel a ride like nothing ever, mill-pond smooth, quiet as a clam. It's called Torsion-Aire, and it's teamed up with a fully unitized body—rust, rattle and squeak proofed. You'll have an alternator electrical system that makes your battery last longer, a trunk as big as a cave (25 cubic feet of it), and plenty of traveling room for a family of six. Like what you read? You'll like driving Valiant better. Go see the man who sells 'em. You'll like him too. Valiant, the car you'd want at *any* price.



Valiant NEW FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DRESSING ROOM DAZZLE

For sheer visual excitement racing is at its vivid best in Florida, where it is now gathering momentum for the big events ahead. And nowhere do the dazzling colors of racing silks show up more brightly than in the restricted confines of a typical track's "jocks' room," such as this one at Gulfstream Park, Miami.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

We don't believe in sweeping claims but Seven-Up makes the smoothest highball!

We don't believe in false modesty, either! And the truth is—a 7-Up highball *is* the smoothest highball you can mix.

Start with any whiskey you want—any brand, any price. Seven-Up brings out the best of it. Your highball's mellowed superbly—but gently, so all the *good* whiskey flavor, the *rich* whiskey flavor is there for you to enjoy.

If you'll just try a 7-Up highball, you'll know why we feel so proud! How about tonight?

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

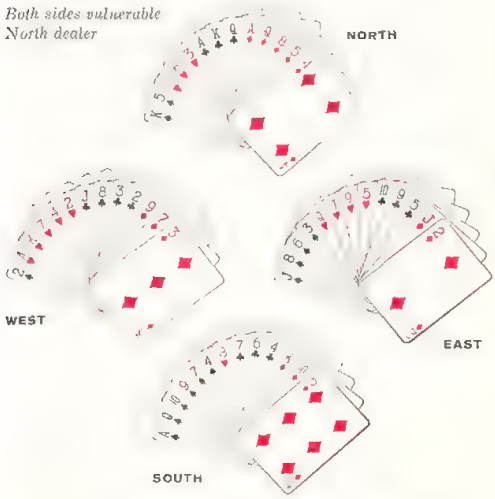
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Dramatic performer: bad actor

COFFEEHOUSING, which I mentioned earlier in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (May 5, 1958), is perhaps too lightly dealt with in that section of the bridge laws which is concerned with the Proprieties. The law says: ". . . It is proper to draw inferences from an opponent's gratuitous hesitation, remark, or manner, but such inferences are drawn at one's own risk." Many otherwise intelligent players interpret this as meaning that they are licensed to fool their opponents in any way possible.

But elsewhere the law plainly says, "A player should refrain from . . . an unnecessary hesitation, remark, or mannerism which may deceive the opponents." Clearly, the genus *Coffeehouse* is on slippery ground. But that does not stop him from taking a strange sort of pride in his dirty work. He is found all over the world, as witness the following deal reported by Fred Gulliver in a contract bridge newsletter published by the New South Wales Bridge Association.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	CAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♦	PASS	1♠	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart king

Mr. Gulliver does not explain how North-South reached their ambitious slam in spades, so I have dreamed up this bidding sequence. North has a difficult choice. If he bids two no trump without a stopper in hearts he can hardly do anything but raise to four spades later. At any rate, the final contract would have been made with ease but for the bad break in the trump suit.

West cashed a heart trick "while the shop was open," as Mr. Gulliver described it. Declarer trumped the second heart, played the ace of spades and led to the king, discovering that he was in trouble. South had to execute a grand coup, shortening his trumps by ruffing once again; he needed to win all the tricks and to wind up in dummy to lead through East at the right time.

Declarer saw that the percentage was against his being able to cash three diamonds—yet this was essential to his success. To prevent the loss of the slam through East's trumping a third diamond, South staged a performance which should have won him an Oscar.

Exhibiting no dismay at the bad break, declarer returned to his hand (and incidentally reduced his trumps to East's length) by ruffing another heart. Then he went into his act. He led a diamond toward dummy and, after deep thought, hesitantly played the queen. When East produced the diamond 2, South released a pent-up sigh at the success of his "finesse." Next, he cashed dummy's ace of diamonds and then led a low diamond, meanwhile glaring at East with a triumphant air.

Convinced that South would be able to overruff, East discarded a club and South's dramatic production became an assured success. He won the trick with the diamond king, entered dummy with a club and continued leading good diamonds. Now, whenever East trumped, South could indeed overtrump, so the slam came home.

In Mr. Gulliver's tale, they found South's body in a back alley later that evening. In spite of South's conduct, I am not sure that the homicide was justified. East should have figured that if South really had held only two diamonds, he would have taken the diamond finesse and ruffed a diamond earlier—not a heart. Otherwise he had no chance of keeping as many trumps as East and would have had to lose a trump trick.

EXTRA TRICK

I recommend two methods for making even an incurable coffeehouser see the error of his ways. Either stop playing with him or learn to turn his play-acting to your own advantage. **END**

THE POET, THE BUMS AND THE LEGENDARY RED MEN

Marianne Moore's poetic exhortation to the Brooklyn Dodgers astonished her admirers. They did not know that in the past she guided even more redoubtable heroes—among them, Jim Thorpe

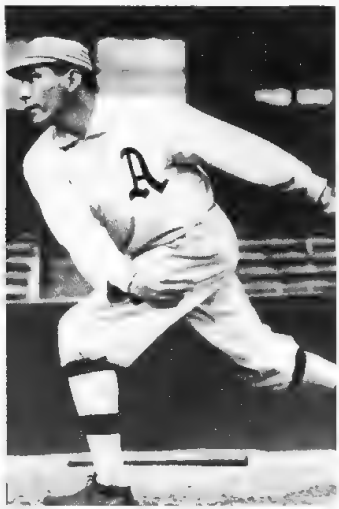
by ROBERT CANTWELL

NOT LONG BEFORE the Brooklyn Dodgers left for Los Angeles, the poet Marianne Moore, a Brooklyn resident for 30 years, composed an inspirational poem in their honor. Called *Hometown Piece for Messrs. Alston and Reese*, it was filled with unabashed praise for the feats of the Dodgers, with quaint rhymes, odd quotations and a knowledge of baseball which, in view of the fact that Miss Moore is a frail and elderly lady and one of the finest living American poets, was, to say the least, remarkable.

To Miss Moore's literary admirers, however, accustomed as they were to the delicacy and highly individualized nature of her work, *Hometown Piece* was a distinct and rather unpleasant surprise. It was surely not the sort of thing T. S. Eliot had in mind when he called Marianne Moore one of the few living writers to have made an enduring contribution to poetry in the English language. And it was even more of a jolt to see her, during the World Series last fall, on Jack Paar's television show, calmly answering questions on this sport, which some highbrows, after all, consider rather lowbrow. "Who's going to win it?" she was asked, and she replied, as confidently as though she had a private wire to the Muses, "The Dodgers" —this despite the fact that her favorites had just squeaked through a 4–3 victory after that 11–0 disaster.

Miss Moore, of course, was perfectly right (though she confessed to me later that she had had a momentary qualm, considering the strength the White Sox had been showing), and remembering her uncanny powers of prophecy, I went out to her Brooklyn home not long ago to see what she thought about the coming season. I also wanted to ask her, if the occasion arose, how she got to be a baseball fan in the first place. I found her somewhat disconsolate about the Dodgers' prospects: she reluctantly admitted that she was interested in the White Sox and (with a faint trace of a frown, as if her thoughts were misquoting her) that she rather liked the Cardinals. As for her background in sports, which I had thought was probably of literary derivation, she told me, no, indeed; she had read very little on the subject, but she had, as a young girl, been a teacher for five years at the famous Carlisle Indian School, when Jim Thorpe, Gus Welch and other great Indian athletes were there.

continued



TEACHER AND IDOL. Miss Moore and Chief Bender, were both photographed in 1911. She had just started teaching; he was the star of Connie Mack's Athletics.

ON THE STREET NEAR HER BROOKLYN HOME, MISS MOORE CRITICALLY HEFTS NEW BAT PROFFERED BY ONE OF HER YOUNG FRIENDS

HOMETOWN PIECE FOR MESSRS. ALSTON AND REESE

To the tune:
"Li'l baby, don't say a word: Mama goin' to buy you a mocking-bird.
Bird don't sing: Mama goin' to sell it and buy a brass ring."

"Millennium," yes; "pandemonium"!
Roy Campanella leaps high. Dodgerdom

crowned, had Johnny Podres on the mound.
Buzzie Bavasi and the Press gave ground;

the team slapped, mauled, and asked the Yankees' match,
"How did you feel when Sandy Amoros made the catch?"

"I said to myself"—pitcher for all innings
"as I walked back to the mound I said, 'Everything's

getting better and better.' " (Zest, they've zest.
" 'Hope springs eternal in the Brooklyn breast.' "

And would the Dodger Band in 8, row 1, relax
if they saw the collector of income tax?

Ready with a tune if that should occur:
"Why Not Take All of Me -All of Me, Sir?")

Another series. Round-tripper Duke at bat,
"Four hundred feet from home-plate"; more like that.

A neat bunt, please; a cloud-breaker, a drive
like Jim Gilliam's great big one. Hope's alive.

Homered, flied out, fouled? Our "stylish stout"
so nimble Campanella will have him out.

A-squat in double-headers four hundred times a day,
he says that in a measure the pleasure is the pay:

catcher to pitcher, a nice easy throw
almost as if he'd just told it to go.

Willy Mays should be a Dodger. He should—
a lad for Roger Craig and Clem Labine to elude;

but you have an omen, pennant-winning Peewee,
on which we are looking superstitiously.

Ralph Branca has Preacher Roe's number; recall?
and there's Don Bessent; he can really fire the ball.

as for Gil Hodges, in custody of first -
"He'll do it by himself." Now a specialist versed

in an extension reach far into the box seats—
he lengthens up, he leans, and gloving the ball defeats

expectation by a whisker. The modest star,
irked by one misplay, is no hero by a hair;

in a strikeout slaughter when what could matter more,
he lines a homer to the signboard and has changed the score.

Then for his nineteenth season, a home run—
with four of six runs batted in—Carl Furillo's the big gun;

almost dehorned the foe—has fans dancing in delight.
Jake Pitler and his Playground "get a Night"—

Jake, that hearty man, made heartier by a harrier
who can bat as well as field—Don Demeter.

Shutting them out for nine innings -a hitter too—
Carl Erskine leaves Cimoli nothing to do.

Take off the goat-horns, Dodgers, that egret
which two very fine base-stealers can offset.

You've got plenty: Jackie Robinson
and Campy and big Newk, and Dodgerdom again
watching everything you do. You won last year.

Come on.

© Marianne Moore, 1956. Reprinted from "O To Be a Dragon," Viking, 1959 ($2.75).

If Miss Moore had said she learned about baseball as a catcher on the original All-Girls team, she could scarcely have astonished me more. She is a small person, neat and gentle in appearance, with her white hair braided around her head and, in her usual costume of white blouse and pleated skirt, as innocent-looking as she must have been in those far-off days when Indians just off the reservations were her charges. It seemed incongruous, and I asked her if she had not been afraid of them.

"It never occurred to me to be afraid," she said in her pleasant, slightly twangy voice—a voice which has a rhythm and an intonation all its own, like the reverse of a Boston or British accent. "You know, before I began teaching there was a good deal of uneasiness because it was feared that I wouldn't be able to control the Indian boys. But the athletes helped me. The only trouble came from some neurotic Sioux and Ojibway boys who were a long way from home and lonely and unhappy—there were a few sadists, too—but there was really no difficulty. The Indians had great behavior and ceremony"—Miss Moore uses words in conversation with the same individuality found in her poems—"and were exceedingly chivalrous and decent and cooperative and . . . idealistic. There are likely to be a few recalcitrants in every school, who won't work and won't accept discipline, and an Indian recalcitrant, a Sioux, perhaps, tends to be more recalcitrant than the average. A boy like Joseph Loud Bear, who was the worst. . . ."

"Was he a Sioux?"

"Oh, he was certainly a Sioux—very much a Sioux! But I had so little trouble it was hardly worth mentioning. My biggest bugbears were mending typewriters and minding the evening study hours. James Thorpe was always helpful, always chivalrous and kindly. He was an exceedingly generous boy. James was a little slow—he was a little slow mentally." Miss Moore paused after these words, and this was the only adverse comment that I could manage to glean from her about her students, and she seemed to mean by it only that Thorpe—she always spoke of him as James, as she had addressed him in the classroom—wasn't much at book learning. "I was fond of him, and I liked his wife, Iva Miller, who was in my typing class. And I was friendly with Gus Welch and his wife also. Gus didn't seem at all an Indian, and had none of the appearance of one, but he was, oh, so tenacious. And then Joel Wheelock! And Alex Arcasa! James Baker was one of the chief students. He was older than the others, and an extremely artistic boy. There was very little of the Indian evident in him. And Charles Bender! Charles was intellectually impressive."

"Was Charles Bender the pitcher with the Philadelphia Athletics—Chief Bender?"

"Yes . . . Charles was there before I taught at the Indian School. I was still a schoolgirl in Carlisle then. He was older than we were; but we all knew who he was. He was impassive, inexpressive, very tall and handsome. Last summer, when my brother was driving through Cooperstown, he stopped at the Baseball Hall of Fame, and sent me Charles's official record as it is kept there."

"SOMETHING GRECIAN ABOUT THEM"

She searched around until she found a card, and read it carefully in her precise voice. Charles Albert Bender, known as Chief Bender, was born May 5, 1883 at Brainerd, Minn., stood 6 feet 2 and weighed 185. He was not yet 20 when he made his major league bow in 1903, and led the American League in games won in 1910, 1911 and 1914. Bender won 10 consecutive games in 1907 and 14 in 1914. His major-league totals were 206 victories against 130 defeats.

Looking at Bender's picture, and referring to the Indian athletes at Carlisle, she said thoughtfully, "There was something Grecian about them."

Miss Moore taught at Carlisle from 1911 until 1915, and these were the years, as every football fan knows, when the Indians, under Coach Glenn Warner, achieved the most remarkable record, all things considered, in the history of the sport. In one three-year period, for instance, the Indians won 33 and lost three. The teams that included Thorpe, Joe Guyon, Gus Welch, Alex Arcasa and a few other brilliant boys from Sioux, Cheyenne, Seneca, Nez Perce, Cherokee and other tribes beat Yale, Army, Navy, Penn, Brown, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Dartmouth, Cornell and Harvard—virtually every major college football team of national prominence. The Carlisle track team was almost as successful, and as for the baseball team, it won such a reputation that it had to be disbanded in 1909 because of what the Indian School superintendent called "the evils of summer professionalism." Miss Moore, in short, was at Carlisle during its golden age, and her work was one in which the intellectual world, represented by her then-nascent poetry, intersected with the world of popular culture that is represented by the common man's interest in sport.

SOME HISTORIC

TEACHER AND HER STUDENTS, all sharing a common devotion to sport,

Marianne Moore was born in Kirkwood, a suburb of St. Louis, in 1887. Her father became an invalid in her earliest years, and she was raised in the home of her grandfather, The Reverend John Warner, the minister of the First Kirkwood Presbyterian Church for 27 years. When she was 9 years old, her mother took the children to visit relatives at Welch Run, near Carlisle, and while they were there an opportunity came to teach English at Metzger Institute, a fashionable girl's school in Carlisle itself. Mrs. Moore accepted it, Marianne went to school at Metzger, in a big, gloomy-looking building, now one of the dormitories of Dickinson College,

that she remembered principally for its clanking radiators. She grew up as an average small-town girl, with an enthusiasm for tennis, a hearty love of the outdoors, and a deep interest in the athletic record of the Carlisle Indians, an interest that she shared with all Carlisle, including its social aristocracy, to which she belonged.

At that time—around the turn of the century—the Indian School had just begun to emerge from its local fame to its national prominence. Officially known as the United States Indian Industrial School, it was founded in 1879 (only three years after the Indians wiped out Custer and his whole command at Little Big Horn) and for nearly two decades struggled to survive. The school grew out of the work of Lieutenant Richard Henry Pratt in rehabilitating Indian prisoners placed in his charge during the Indian campaigns of 1874-76. They were Plains Indians, sent for confinement in the old Spanish fortress in St. Augustine, Fla., and they arrived there half-naked, wild, dirty, vermin-ridden, crazed and in chains. Pratt began by teaching them English, and soon had them self-supporting, making money selling bows and arrows to Florida tourists. Many of them became so trusted they were permitted to become fishing and hunting guides in the Everglades. Pratt wangled permission to have several of the most intelligent educated in Negro schools. These then became his ambassadors to the tribes in the West, persuading the chiefs to send their children to Pratt to be educated.

With the phenomenal success of his first efforts, Pratt urged upon his superiors the need for better and more permanent facilities. General William Tecumseh Sherman induced the War Department to permit the Carlisle barracks, which were abandoned and badly deteriorated, to be used as a school. Because Congress had not yet approved the school, it was started with Sherman's authorization as an Army measure, but the students had to be shipped to Pratt's personal care. Chief Spotted Tail, for example, sent five of his children to Pratt. That remarkable officer (he became Brigadier General Pratt) was, as Miss Moore remembers him, a most impressive individual—"Both General Pratt and his wife were very substantial and imposing," is what she said. "They were romantic figures, always dashing up with their horse and carriage, and they were intelligent and cultural. But General Pratt was so monumental no one could dare approach him to tell him one approved of the work he was doing."

Pratt had led cavalry in the Indian wars, had a gallant Civil War record and was hot-tempered, tactless and, on the basis of his experiences in trying to further his work with the Indians, firmly convinced that the Indian Bureau was staffed by creatures scarcely human. He had good reasons for this view—the bureau provided scarcely any funds but plenty of criticism. There was barely enough money for day-to-day survival, and none at all for refinements at the Indian School. There were no gymnasium and no playing field except a sloping tract of stony ground beside LeTort Springs Run, a stream that flowed beside the school.

In 1892 Anna Luckenbaugh, one of the teachers, persuaded her friend Vance McCormick to teach the Indians to play football. McCormick, who lived near Carlisle, was the quarterback of the Yale eleven. He made

continued

ATHLETES FROM CARLISLE'S GREAT DAYS

are shown in these period-piece photographs from Miss Moore's album. Above at left, she stands on the tennis court. Others are Gus Welch, track captain; Jim Thorpe in football togs; Alex Arcasa as a lacrosse star; and Joel Wheelock, basketball captain.

CLIMBING MOUNT RAINIER in 1923, Miss Moore is shown in another of her album pictures in front of brother John (*second from right*) as group crosses Nisqually Glacier.

POET AND RED MEN *continued*

up a Carlisle team that included Lone Wolf, center; Metoxan, fullback; Bemus Pierce (later a famous pro football star), guard; and Frank Hudson at quarterback, the man who subsequently as a superlative drop-kicker became the first nationally famous Carlisle star.

McCormick drilled his Indians in the rocky pasture, and found them phenomenally promising. But, contrary to the legend, the Carlisle teams did not begin to win at their first sight of a pigskin. All told, in their first 10 years of the white man's strangest and most complicated sport, the Carlisle Indians won only 40 games.

STRANGE NEW NAMES

Three other Yale football players after Vance McCormick served as part-time coaches of the Indians: William Hickok, William Bull and Harry Hale. Though not yet an effective team, the Indians began to produce stars, and new names appeared in American sport, strange and exotic: Isaac Seneca (who was on Walter Camp's All-America team), Little Boy, Owl, Brave Thunder, Fast Bear, Two Hearts, Lone Star, Wauseka, Lubo, Frank Mt. Pleasant, Exendine and Charles Dillon, who is credited with having had the ball under his sweater in the famous hidden ball trick that was first used against Harvard. The citizens of Carlisle, many of whom had first viewed the coming of the Indians with some misgivings, became ardent supporters of the Indian School. They unanimously backed General Pratt in his ceaseless battles with the Indian Bureau. Miss Moore, through her friendship with the brilliant daughters of Dr. George Norcross, the minister of the Second Presbyterian Church of Carlisle and a famous historian, had met the general and his family and was also one of his ardent backers.

She did not go so far as some Carlisle children who grew up believing that plumes of smoke from burning sulphur and brimstone floated over the government buildings in Washington, but she did, like most of her contemporaries, make heroes of the Indian athletes. Indeed, the social life of Carlisle generally became imbued with the Indians' victories, as they mounted up, in a fashion that would have been incredible under other circumstances. "We were just proud of them," Miss Moore says. "The whole town was."

Then, in 1899, Glenn Warner was appointed the first permanent coach, and the great teams, rather than the great individual stars alone, began to emerge as a new phenomenon in football.

A VISIT FROM GERONIMO

By this time the teaching in the school had reached the equivalent of that of the early college years. Enrollment was stabilized at about 1,100 students, some 600 to 700 boys and around 400 girls. They ranged from the earliest grades to college years. The school colors were red and gold. There was an excellent magazine, *The Red Man*, a famous Carlisle Indian band, four literary and debating societies and a constant procession of distinguished lecturers and entertainers. And finally, a crowning glory to General Pratt's tenaciousness and the Indians' achievements, the great chief Geronimo himself came to Carlisle. The old fox stood before the students and said: "The Lord made my heart good. I feel good wherever I go. I feel good now as I stand before you. You are here to study, to learn the ways of the white men. Do it well. Obey all orders. Do as you are told all the time and you won't get hungry. He who owns you holds you in His hands like that, and He carries you around like a baby. That is all I have to say to you."

When the future of the school seemed brightest, General Pratt made a speech in which he called the officials of the Indian Bureau "barnacles." He had previously called them just about everything else, but this proved to be too much: he was summarily retired. Whether or not there was any real danger that the school would be given up, feeling persisted in Carlisle that it might be. It had always operated at a deficit; the government appropriation was never enough to support it. General Pratt's standing was such that he had been able to get donations from religious and charitable bodies to keep it functioning.

But the athletic association had accumulated money, and the Indians, now on their own initiative, turned large sums over to the Indian Bureau administration as an emergency fund to be used as needed. How much is not stated, but it was evidently considerable. The Indians restored the old Carlisle barracks—fine, Federal-period buildings—and improved the grounds. They built Indian Field, a good modern field on the stony tract where the first Indians learned football. They gave the school a new administration building, a college hospital, a complete print shop with first-class printing equipment, and a new wing to the original group of barracks buildings.

All of this Miss Moore saw from the perspective of a schoolgirl at Metzger. When she graduated she went to Bryn Mawr, where, by some academic mischance, she was accounted backward in English in college, and never got better than a C. But she amused herself and her friends with little poems:

If you will tell me why the fen
appears impassable, I then,
will tell you why I think that I
can get across it if I try.

continued

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After graduating in 1909, she returned to Carlisle to study typing and shorthand with the country boys and girls at a business college. Her first job was with Melvil Dewey, the originator of the Dewey Decimal System for classifying books in libraries. That fall the commercial English teacher at Carlisle "suddenly wearied of pedagogy," as she remembers it, "and departed to sell L. C. Smith typewriters." She was offered the job, the authorities indicating, with many misgivings, that they only made the offer because they had no one else to turn to. Miss Moore was reading Tolstoy, Turgenev, Henry James and George Meredith, and, while she had no fear of the Indians, she did have doubts of her ability to solve the arithmetic problems that she would be required to teach.

"I was really interested in theoretical math," she said, "—geometry and algebra, and high finance, I mean. But I couldn't do rapid calculation. I always made some simple mistake, especially with decimals and fractions. And then there were all those terrible problems about a train going 10 miles an hour, and a man walking five miles an hour!"

She has a vivid recollection of walking up and down the tennis court, and deciding that she would not take the post. Her brother pointed out the moral obligation—their mother had taught school for years to educate them. He also promised to help with the arithmetic.

LEGENDS AND LEARNING

So Miss Moore found herself pedaling her bicycle every morning to the history-haunted grounds of the Indian School. The academic day began there with reveille at 6 but, as Miss Moore did not live in the barracks, she was not required to be in her classroom until 8:30. Her classes, besides arithmetic, included typing and stenography and commercial law. This last was a special course with a textbook written only for Carlisle students, designed to teach the Indians about contracts and similar matters, to prevent their being defrauded when they got back to the reservations. It was in this course, principally, that Miss Moore came to know people like Thorpe and Welch.

At noon she pedaled home for

continued

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lunch, went back for afternoon classes, returning again after dinner for the evening study hour that was terminated by taps. Then a thousand or so Indian boys and girls from as many as 90 different tribes, most of them youngsters who were a long way from the Crow or the Rosebud or the Puyallup reservation, far from desert buttes and rain forests, were locked in their quarters. Miss Moore, as always unafraid, calmly rode home in the darkness.

So Miss Moore's life went for five years while her pupils wrote a living legend in the record books of sport. She herself, in her own self-effacing way, does not associate herself with their deeds or even with the school's extraordinary purpose and achievements. *"I felt myself to be an impostor there,"* she said. "I was soldiering; it really wasn't my work. And I did so little."

AN AWE-INSPIRING LEAP

The truth is that the Indians in that period had embarked on an almost awe-inspiring leap for greatness. There was an element of grandeur, something almost mythological, in the rise of the Carlisle Indians to national and then to world fame of that time. When the school was started, they were despised, feared, hated, exploited, fought—and while the achievement of Thorpe and his teammates could not end that altogether, they certainly worked a transformation in the attitude of the nation as a whole toward the red men. And the Indians had an incentive to save their people as poignant as any in history. Isaac Seneca, for instance, came from a New York tribe that was down to 2,700 survivors. There were only about 600 left in the Oklahoma tribe to which Jim Thorpe belonged. Their tribes were perishing, and the epic striving of the Carlisle Indians was a last great effort to reach the unattainable, like one of the old Indian legends that were printed in *The Red Man*, telling of a brave who is forced to strive into the further reaches of outer space, to the most distant stars, to try to save his people. Lacking a common myth for all the tribes gathered in their white man's school, they did something better than study the old myths—they created a new one of their own, the myth of the Carlisle Indians, cast in the same

grand pattern of the ageless myths they had been told.

According to Warner, there were never more than 50 boys at Carlisle big enough and strong enough to play football. The entire coaching staff consisted of Warner, a bookkeeper to keep track of the immense gate receipts, and an Oneida Indian named Wallace Denny, the trainer, who was also night watchman of the school. The 1912 team, Thorpe's greatest, played 10 games in 42 days, almost every player playing the whole game, and Thorpe himself never once taking time out. This was the team that beat Army at West Point 27-6, the mysterious game that is so shrouded in controversy it is doubtful if its facts will ever become clear. The accepted story is that Thorpe took the kickoff, and went through Army for a touchdown; the Indians were called offside, and the ball brought back, and when Army kicked again Thorpe again ran for a touchdown.... Whatever really happened, the mystery and the legends are an appropriate part of the mythological quality of the Indians' performance at that time.

END OF THE SPARTAN REGIME

Only two games were lost in 1913, but the peak of the Indians' effort had been passed. Their performance in 1914 was only routine. In the next few years, their reputation completely disappeared. A new administration of Indian Bureau officials had taken over, weekly dances were held at the barracks, and with the changed emphasis from the old Spartan regime, Carlisle's great athletic reputation melted away. In 1917, for instance, Navy defeated the Indians 61-0, and Georgia Tech beat them by the worst score they ever had tallied against them: 98-0.

When the United States entered World War I, the Army took over the barracks for military use, and the school was closed. Miss Moore, by that time, had left Carlisle with her mother to follow her brother, who had studied for the clergy, to his first church. She won her first critical acclaim, in an English literary magazine, when she left the Indian School. When her brother joined the Navy in 1917, Miss Moore and her mother settled in a New York apartment, and she worked for the public library system until she became editor of *The Dial*, perhaps the most

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distinguished literary magazine ever published, remaining in charge of it until it ceased publication in the Depression years.

The poetry which made her famous had nothing of the Indians in it; her literary following was won by her marvelous nature poems, works about zebras, oxen, shellfish, poems about love and marriage, horses, steam rollers, geography—a new form of poetic expression, always exquisitely finished and possessing a sort of delicate naturalness and a casual and yet studied charm. She wrote of a rider with his hands in the mane of his horse:

round which the arms had
wound themselves as if they knew
love
is the only fortress
strong enough to trust to.

That is her poetry, with her own incredibly subtle rhymes, like *round* and *wound* at the beginning rather than at the end of the lines, the sort of poetry that has made her almost venerated among younger writers and has won her, among many others, the Pulitzer Prize.

She says that she never wrote anything about the Indian School because it never really became a part of her life. Perhaps this, too, is due to her own modesty and deprecation of the small role she played there; her memories of it are certainly still vivid. "On Memorial Day I took my classes to the Indian cemetery," she says, "and we cut the grass with sickles. Then when the students all went to the circus"—here she paused, as if trying to find words that would prevent any misunderstanding or exaggeration—"someone had to chaperone them. I was chosen chaperone. Rain was threatening on circus day, and I carried a parasol. James approached me and said, 'Miss Moore, may I carry your parasol?' That was the way he was." In all her recollections, there is a profound unawareness of the impression that she makes on other people, and contemporaries who know her as one of the most delightful personalities in the history of American literature can appreciate more than Miss Moore the impression she must have made on the Indians. It is plain that she lived something like poetry on their campus—just as the Indians, with no myth of their own, created a new one. **END**

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE GIFT OF GIVING

Sirs:

Too few are of the unselfish quality of Jack Twyman, and to those few may I offer congratulations (*A Brave Man and a Good Friend;* SI, Feb. 1). Maurice Stokes's story, as well as that of Roy Campanella and others, brings to light the need for starting a fund for athletes permanently injured during their careers. If such a fund can be started, I would like to contribute to it.

If such a fund is feasible, I would gladly give time to the organization and movement of the fund.

I'EYTON A. CRAMER

Ridgewood, N.J

Sirs:

Your article about Maurice Stokes was marvelous. It was informative, and it touched my heart. He is truly a brave man and I admire Jack Twyman very much for all he is doing for Maurice. Do I just send my contribution to Maurice Stokes in care of Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio?

RUSSELL BROWN

Salem, Ind.

● Right.—ED.

Sirs:

This dollar is for Maurice, and God help him.

WILLIS BROWN

New York City

Sirs:

A special Sportsman of the Year award should be given to Jack Twyman.

MIKE GILLIVAN

Orinda, Calif.

Sirs:

Until your Feb. 1 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED I had always felt that Henri

continued

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS

Sirs:

You stated that Billy Cannon weighs a "rock-hard 205 pounds" at 6 feet, 1 inch (SI, Jan. 4), which brings up something that has been bothering me. According to your previously published weight chart (SI, Nov. 2), that "rock-hard" specimen is overweight and so is almost every other football player in the country. How can this be?

J. A. RAGAN

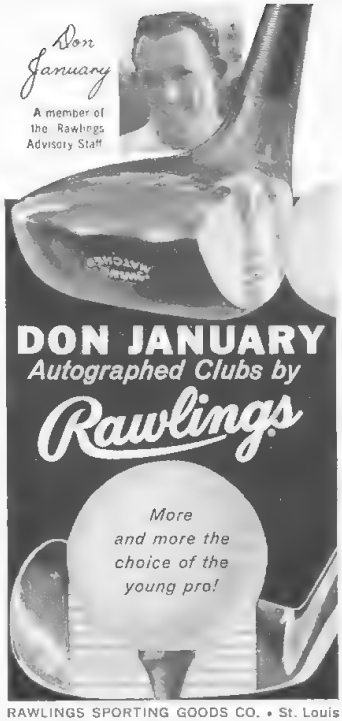
Beverly Hills, Calif.

● The weight-for-height-and-age chart previously published was compiled for the "average" man and woman. Now Metropolitan Life's actuaries have prepared charts showing the "desirable" weight for men and women of small, medium and large frames (*see right*). Although actuaries caution that "individuals differ in various respects, such as chest breadth, width of hips, muscularity and other factors affecting desirable weight," Cannon is 17 pounds over.—ED.

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS (MEN AND WOMEN)

Ages 25 and over

HEIGHT	WEIGHT IN POUNDS (IN INDOOR CLOTHING) SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
Men (with one-inch heels)			
5 FEET 2 INCHES	112-120	118-129	126-141
3 INCHES	115-123	121-133	129-144
4 INCHES	118-126	124-136	132-148
5 INCHES	121-129	127-139	135-152
6 INCHES	124-133	130-143	138-156
7 INCHES	128-137	134-147	142-161
8 INCHES	132-141	138-152	147-166
9 INCHES	136-145	142-156	151-170
10 INCHES	140-150	146-160	155-174
11 INCHES	144-154	150-165	159-179
6 FEET 0 INCHES	148-158	154-170	164-184
1 INCH	152-162	158-175	168-189
2 INCHES	156-167	162-180	173-194
3 INCHES	160-171	167-185	178-199
4 INCHES	164-175	172-190	182-204
Women (with two-inch heels)			
4 FEET 10 INCHES	92- 98	96-107	104-119
11 INCHES	94-101	98-110	106-122
5 FEET 0 INCHES	96-104	101-113	109-125
1 INCH	99-107	104-116	112-128
2 INCHES	102-110	107-119	115-131
3 INCHES	105-113	110-122	118-134
4 INCHES	108-116	113-126	121-138
5 INCHES	111-119	116-130	125-142
6 INCHES	114-123	120-135	129-146
7 INCHES	118-127	124-139	133-150
8 INCHES	122-131	128-143	137-154
9 INCHES	126-135	132-147	141-158
10 INCHES	130-140	136-151	145-163
11 INCHES	134-144	140-155	149-168
6 FEET 0 INCHES	138-148	144-159	153-173



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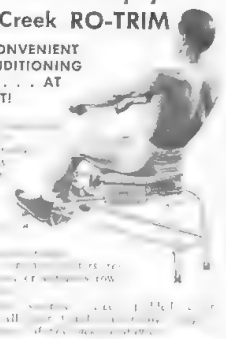
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VERNA TRESTRAIL

Leesburg, Ind.

EMBARRASSING JIM McGREGOR

Sirs:

I was happy to read Jim McGregor's comments concerning the AAU's action against the Swedish basketball team (19TH HOLE, Feb. 1). I would like to correct your editor's note stating Jim was coach at Whittier College.

Jim served his college basketball mentor's term at Whitworth College, a 1,300-student Presbyterian institution in Spokane. His outstanding success there so embarrassed that school's administration that they encouraged Jim's resignation because of his "overemphasis." Biggest contributor to McGregor's Whitworth achievements was 6-foot-10 Phil Jordan, now a star with Detroit in the NBA.

McGregor's efforts as a "roving basketball evangelist" since leaving Whitworth have resulted in the presence of some tall and talented Europeans in the basketball uniforms of Pacific Northwest colleges. His most noted import was 7-foot-3 Jean Claude LeFebvre, who starred at Spokane's Gonzaga University for two seasons before returning to his native France. Gonzaga currently sports two new McGregor imports, 7-foot George Trontzos of Greece and 6-foot-8 Hans Albertsson of Sweden. McGregor, now coaching an entry in the Portland, Ore. AAU (yes, AAU!) major league, has also contributed 6-foot-5 Swede Bert Lundmark to the Lewis & Clark College varsity.

Jim is personally responsible for much of the current basketball enthusiasm in Europe, and is one of the game's most vocal proponents. Your readers can expect to hear more from this enthusiast, now back in his native Portland.

FRED DELKIN

Portland, Ore.

$20,000 PUSH-UP

Sirs:

I read with interest and astonishment in your small article on Stan The Man Musial ("Tune-ups and Tryouts," WONDERFUL WORLD, Jan. 25) that the Duke of Donora was able to master only four push-ups in beginning training for the coming baseball season.

Later I read that Musial had taken a pay cut, and was to receive approximately $80,000 in 1960.

Now I ask you, what other sports figure, home or abroad, can boast of a salary of $20,000 per push-up? But he's worth every penny of it—and more.

FRED G. VOGEL

Lake Forest, Ill.

ALL THIS AND BASKETBALL TOO

Sirs:

"Snatched from the Jaws of Basketball" (WONDERFUL WORLD, Feb. 1)—but not quite. Lest your readers be misinformed, Beaver Dam and other Long Island ice hockey centers have not forsaken basketball.

Since 1957 (when the Beaver Dam junior hockey division was organized), the East Woods School, in the heart of the hockey-happy North Shore, has won 24 basketball games and lost only four, under onetime University of Rhode Island basketball coach Robert (Red) Haire. Many of the boys who chase ice hockey pucks at Beaver Dam and other rinks on their weekends have helped East Woods School compile its enviable basketball record on school days.

FRANK L. ANDREWS

Locust Valley, N.Y.

CARS: FOND MEMORIES

Sirs:

The Forgotten Fun of Driving (SI, Feb. 1) by A. W. Miller brought back fond memories of my early days of driving in my first—and best—car. It was a 1930 Model A Ford, and for the money it was about the finest and brightest hunk of machinery ever built to carry man in comfort and safety!

In the early '30s you could get out and drive without meeting other cars every two seconds, and driving then was a pleasure never to be forgotten. It used to really

snow, back then, and winter driving was a cinch in my Model A. I could plow through big snowdrifts and drive along unplowed streets without a whimper in her, while today my automatic '58 car can't climb through two inches of snow with snow tires!

It really is a shame that the Ford Motor Company ever gave up on the Model A, for today's compact cars are very disappointing because they all lack the luster of a car built for a single man to drive alone free and contented.

Long live the Model A, the best American car ever made to this day!

FRED CHAPELLE

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

I owned a 1928 Model A roadster in 1956, and driving it was every bit as much fun as A. W. Miller maintains.

A feature which endeared the car to a thin-walleted teen-ager was its economy. A week's driving around town (with as many as 13 companions clinging precariously to various seats, running boards and handholds) cost $2. A nearby junkyard provided a cylinder head ($5), a transmission ($15) and all the 21-inch treadless tires I could use at 50¢ each. A new exhaust muffler-tailpipe assembly cost $8.

The Model A truly rates as a masterpiece of automotive engineering and design.

DAVID T. DEAN

Annapolis, Md.

Sirs:

As a Model A Ford fan and owner, I thought you would be interested in this picture of my 1930 Model A Ford town

MODEL A TOWN CAR

car, one of 63 manufactured that year. It has been completely restored and, needless to say, it is my pride and joy. I am my own ununiformed chauffeur.

ANNE C. TAYLOR

New Haven, Conn.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

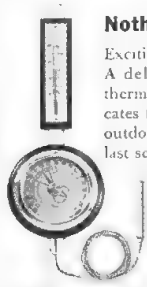
Sirs:

Please let me explain that although I was a qualified artillery instrument sergeant, I was so nearsighted (—5 and —7 diopters) that when we entered World War I, I was rejected for enlistment by every combat service in the U.S. It took me a whole month to find, in the U.S.A. Ambulance Service, a doctor who knew less about eye examinations than I did. This explanation was lost from my article [*The Forgotten Fun of Driving*].

A. W. MILLER

New York City

WEATHER WIZARD



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Pat on the Back

JOAN HUNT

'Greyhounds are art'

In Florida, where greyhound racing is a major spectator sport and a highly competitive business, Joan Hunt runs a highly successful racing kennel. When Joan went into the greyhound business four years ago, she found less than a welcome. "Greyhound men just didn't want a woman around," she says. But Joan, an artist and the daughter of Miami Judge Richard Hunt, has loved animals since childhood—"possums, coons, ducks, rabbits, anything I could catch." Though her college paintings won prizes, she decided after graduation to go into the business of breeding poodles. From poodles she advanced to greyhounds and greyhound racing, which, Joan claims, "is, after all, an art in itself." Today Joan's Gold Coast Kennel holds 100 dogs, of which she races 60 with trainer's help from a onetime professor of mathematics named Lawrence Gross. Her pride is Secret Session (*above left*), which holds the record of 33.7 seconds for 605 yards. "I knew I had arrived," says Joan, "when they all quit referring to me as Judge Hunt's daughter. Now I'm Secret Session's owner."

Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Who is the roughest player in the National Hockey League?*

ANDY HEBENTON
New York Rangers

The roughest I've played against is Leo Boivin of the Bruins. He throws the hardest body checks in hockey. A lot of players on other teams feel the same way I do about him. If he manages to catch you unaware, with your head down, his check really shakes you up in spite of all the padding. It's a thing you don't easily forget.

TOM JOHNSON
Montreal Canadiens

Hockey players are rough, but they are clean. One who isn't wouldn't last long against the rough competition in the NHL. From what I have seen and from what I hear other players say, Fern Flaman of the Bruins is the roughest. Some of his own teammates agree with me and they ought to know.

CONTINUED

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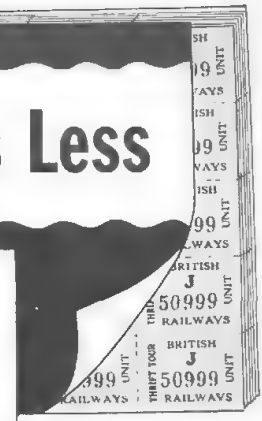

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VIC STASIUK
Boston Bruins

I think the roughest player in the league is Fernie Flaman of our team. But the guy who gives me the hardest time is Marcel Pronovost of the Detroit Red Wings. He really has every one of my moves figured out, and it's more disconcerting than a series of hard blocks. I try to cross him up, but that's it. He has me.

BOBBY HULL
Chicago Black Hawks

I've encountered very few tough guys in the league so far. But I'd have to rate Bill Gadsby of the New York Rangers as the toughest I've come across. He's always ready to give a hip for a hip, with a shoulder thrown in for interest. He's not a pugnacious player, but he plays the game with everything he's got.

BILL GADSBY
New York Rangers

Gordie Howe has the reputation of being the roughest, but he's calmed down considerably in recent years. Currently it's between Eric Nesterenko of the Black Hawks, who generally plays a rough game, and Leo Boivin of Boston. Personally, I'd say Boivin is the toughest. He's the hardest body checker in the business.

HENRI RICHARD
Montreal Canadiens

Leo Boivin of the Boston Bruins is the toughest because he throws the hardest body checks and he does it cleanly. Hockey is a rough game but not necessarily a dirty game. Sometimes a player may appear dirty, but it is unintentional. Other rough players are Marcel Pronovost of Detroit and Lou Fontinato of New York.

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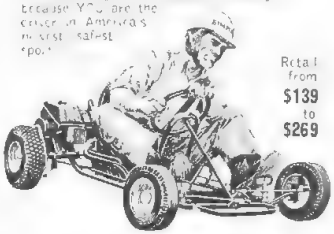

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SAND-SPIKED RODS AND POMPANO FISHERMEN LINE THE SURF ON A BEACH IN FLORIDA

The pompano cure

Surf fishing in Florida is one man's way of shedding the weariness of a long winter

by ARTHUR BRAWLEY

I USUALLY START early in February to think seriously about the spring pompano fishing in Florida. I think about it casually in November and rather desperately in December, of course, though it is still too far away to affect my general viewpoint. But by February there are only weeks left to wait, and it becomes unmistakably clear to me that I have been working too hard, not getting enough sleep and worrying too much. These feelings are only intensified in March by the feeble intimations of a Northern spring.

So, around the first of April, I give in and go down to Florida, where the sun is warm, often hot, and the fishing is only fair to good but restful. We rent a cottage on the dunes of Singer Island at Riviera Beach, which is just north of Palm Beach.

All types of fishing are available in this area, and as strong as the temptation sometimes is to fish the outside for the big fish or wade the flats along the north end of Lake Worth for trout, snook or jack, I generally fish the surf for pompano and often catch a few. When I don't it really doesn't matter, for this is the lazy kind of fishing I need to start me breathing again.

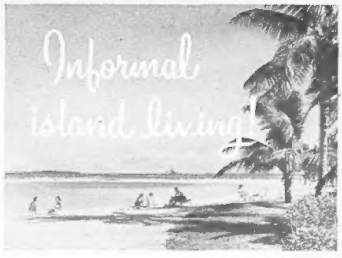
On Singer Island the surf fisherman has a four-and-a-half-mile stretch of beach. To the north, another five miles of Juno Beach runs up to Jupiter Island, which is accessible from the town of Jupiter by an old, rickety swing bridge that spans the Intracoastal Waterway. The Waterway cuts Jupiter Island into a 16-mile spit running north past Hobe Sound.

Any good day in the month of April along the expanse of sand from Riviera Beach to Hobe Sound you can count a hundred pompano fishermen, many of them old pros who have been fishing these beaches for a number of years. Most of them come from the Northeast and Midwest. They generally are retired, or semiretired. Two of the most ardent I know are a surgeon from Michigan and an Italian restaurant owner from New Jersey.

These pompano fishermen will change terminal rigs and fish for blues if a school shows in the surf, but pompano is the prime game. The pros each fish two or three rods. I have seen one man fish as many as five rods. Of course, many sell their catch to fish markets (average price 65¢ a pound), and five rods might help defray an important part of the fisherman's expenses.

For this kind of pompano fishing you need a surf outfit—either spinning or conventional—with a terminal rig carrying a two- or three-ounce pyramid sinker and two 2/0 hooks, one high and one low. For bait you use sand fleas (sand crabs to some)—

continued



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dainty crustaceous creatures about the same shape and size as the first joint of a man's thumb. Sand fleas can be bought at bait stores for 25¢ a dozen, but it's more fun to catch your own with a flea trap. You can buy a trap for $5, or you can build your own, as did my friend Doc Thomas, an eye specialist from Dayton. Doc spent at least four full evenings and he won't say how many dollars on the trap. It's a beautiful thing, a work of art, shiny and well designed, but it's so heavy it takes two men and a small boy to work it, even though it is made of aluminum. I'll bet the 6-foot tubular handle ran him $7 or $8. Store-bought traps are made from steel wire mesh and have wooden handles.

The sand fleas are not too abundant, and you have to stalk them if you want enough for a day's fishing. (In summer along the south shore of Long Island the fleas are so common that children can scoop them up by cupping their hands in the sand as the waves recede and letting the water wash through the sand.) One of the best Florida flea-stalkers I know is a man named George Hunt. To watch a 6-foot 3-inch man like George stalk an unsuspecting colony of fleas is a surprising—and to some people mystifying—sight. First George will stand motionless at the ocean's lip for a full minute, scanning the hard-packed sand in the wash as each wave goes out. Then, lifting his long legs slowly and purposefully, he will tread softly up the beach to where he has seen a burrowing bunch of fleas. (This sighting of the fleas takes a good deal of practice.) Just before he reaches target he pauses for a moment to let one more wave break. Then he moves in like a lacrosse player and in one scoop fills up the trap with the little creatures.

You impale fleas on the hooks and cast out maybe 35 yards, put the rod butt in a sand spike, sit on the sand in the sun and watch the waves roll in. Even if you let your gaze wander and you aren't facing the rod you always seem to be aware of it and turn your head back the moment the strike comes. Pompano strike and fight hard for their size. A three-pound fish can be testy on a light surf outfit. These fish generally travel in schools. If you catch one you sometimes catch 10. Sometimes you catch none. But on these days the compensations are many. There is so much to see: overhead the graceful glide of a formation of pelicans; the coastal vessels moving slowly south, perhaps to the Gulf ports, perhaps to Rio; a shark's fin knifing the light-blue water's surface very near the surf; and always (well, almost) the sun, the wonderful, warming, healing sun.

AUTHOR BRAWLEY, restored by fishing after a northern winter.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon you start thinking of how your pompano is going to taste when you have it for dinner—assuming you've caught a couple. There are many fancy ways to cook pompano, but my favorite, when I've been out all day and don't have time to bother, is this: clean the fish, cut off head, snip off tail and fins (no need to scale; pompano don't seem to wear them), then split. I leave the backbone in, but it's easy to remove if you want. I then mix a marinade of salad oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper, place the fish in a shallow dish, skin side up, and marinate in the refrigerator for the time it takes to have a shower and a couple of cocktails. Then I broil it, skin side down, under medium heat, basting occasionally with marinade. When cooked, the fish should be a light brown and still moist.

Say you spend 10 days of your stay fishing for pompano and get fish six of those days. You will feel well fed and satisfied. Your tanned body will make you look young again.

If you time your trip right you can be back home on April 14, which gives you a full day to figure out how much you owe the income-tax people, which in turn gives you a running start on your mental preparation for next year's spring fishing trip. **END**

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